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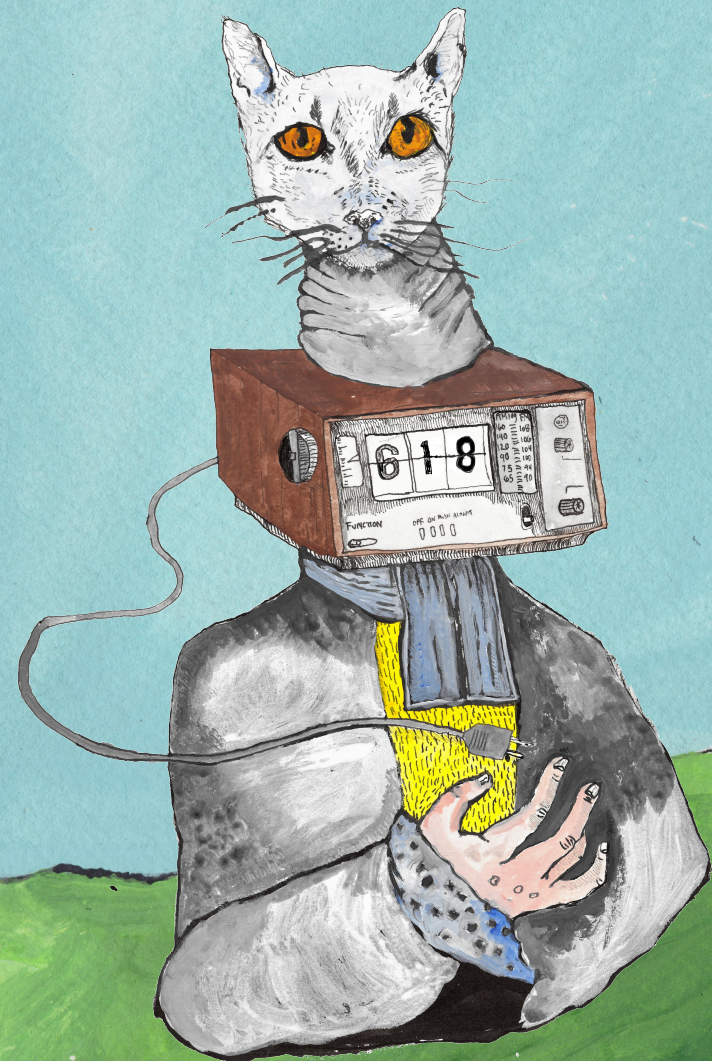
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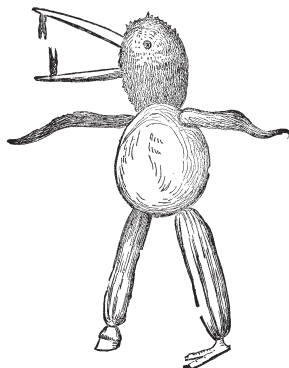
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jubilat is published twice yearly in the fall and spring, with special issues as required.

jubilat thirty three point five is a special anthology issue highlighting writers and poets who've participated in the Juniper Summer Writing Institute and Workshops.

Business & Editorial Address:

jubilat

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150 Hicks Way
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Amherst, MA 01003-9269

Subscriptions: Individuals \$20 per year or \$35 for two years. Institutions \$30 per year or \$55 for two years.

Single and special issues are available for \$10.

Distributed by Ingram and Ubiquity.

jubilat is funded in part by the National Endowment for the Arts, the Massachusetts Cultural Council, University of Massachusetts Arts Council & University of Massachusetts College of Humanities and Fine Arts, and private donations.

For submission information, please visit us at www.jubilat.org.

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ISSN: 1529-0999

Printed in Massachusetts

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EDITOR'S NOTE

Here it is, summertime. This is an especially happy one in *jubilat*'s part of the world. At the University of Massachusetts Amherst, which is *jubilat*'s physical and spiritual home, the Juniper Summer Writing Institute and Workshops celebrates its fifteenth anniversary this year. We decided to mark the occasion with a special issue in which all of our contributors have also been contributors to Juniper. It's an issue of firsts: *jubilat*'s first two-volume issue, one entirely of poetry, and the other is our first issue entirely of prose so that we may feature some of the many fiction and non-fiction writers who have helped to make Juniper what it is.

Many fantastic people contributed to this effort. Noy Holland, who co-founded the Juniper Institute with Dara Wier, offered valuable editorial consultation on the prose issue; Bianca Stone and Ben Pease created the enchanting tea for two (Christopher Smart and his cat) on our cover; and everyone on our production staff contributed extra elbow grease to bring this issue into the world, especially Allison Ice, Halie Theoharides, and Michael Medeiros. Betsy Wheeler, Jennifer Jacobson, and everyone at Juniper work tirelessly to bring all manner of writers together every year to make Juniper possible. We have Dara to thank especially for making *jubilat* and Juniper come together.

Like summertime, this issue is full with variety and digressions. We have text and picture poems by Harryette Mullen, prints from Matthea Harvey and Amy Jean Porter, and sketchbook pieces from Terrance Hayes, along with his Spotify playlist so that this issue may have a soundtrack. There are short interviews from some of our contributors and notes from the early days of Juniper.

So read and digress, make hay while the sun shines, “gather ye rosebuds while ye may” because “nothing can bring back the hour/ of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower;/ We will grieve not, rather find/ Strength in what remains behind.” In these two volumes, there is plenty.

—Arda Collins

MEADOW ROAD

Cynthia Arrieu-King

I laughed into the bitter cup of a pig.
In the video, the pig trembled its chin at the bars of the cage.

The road I lived on was not really through a meadow so I went away
This is the first mistake because you can after that never go home
again—

and I found a road straight up a mountain into a beret cloud
my friend went straight up and came back with Jesus wounds all over
his calves.

A road through a greenhead briar that opened out into waterfalls
We stuck a green cup in the water and drank:

Road through a meadow of sheep who were definitely going to die in
October.
A sheep bitched us out for walking along his mountain.

Road past the corral where all the sheep would be rounded and sorted
in October.
Road through the back of the closet and the back of the wardrobe.

A fever dream that sent me to my father's side of the bed and he
sat next to me on my bed, said now you'll sleep, but only because I mean
safety.

He said you don't really need this; it's because now you think nothing
can hurt you.

He said so many things that made me feel fine, walking roads through
this world.

Buy and save: If you don't buy, you don't save.
He said a little sugar on the pork makes it better.

CHINA KEEPS FINDING MILLIONS OF PEOPLE WHO NEVER OFFICIALLY EXISTED

Who feels like registering? I personally taped up the webcam before you even tried to put a post-it on it. Something about the girls being outnumbered and illicit pottery leaving the country, nothing truly antique allowed outside the boundaries. The laws about saying they're here. *We're here.* I'm staring into space recollecting a country where not a single man looked like my father but his sister was him made over in worry and steam. Another story, herself. I'm mastering a game of sticking with the subject by only looking at objects in my peripheral vision. Built this life on the remarks others made, their quasi-understandings and from that and some pickled cabbage tried to make the old country. The time my white roommate got angry because I seemed not to know it's the one place where the men outnumber the women, they had pushed so many baby girls down to die in the snow. What I wouldn't give now to scoop up one of them. I constantly woke that roommate up while ruining five spice stew with rancid baking soda or alphabetizing, for no reason, the many books.

ENTRY: BORES AND FIXES...

David Bartone

History bores and fixes itself to the air. The day is full of price we cannot pay in October colors, October aromas. We cannot make so near a tombstone of the new light poetry not so loud a sound as that approximates the yammering that will lead you to the white-breasted nuthatch that dangles its dally-way down, some of the white mulberry dressed in yellow. The fallen leaves expose. The topmast pine finally reveals to us its hawk-home, situational followers rest-hunting. There is song in the half-dead. Marcescence is the lingering of dead leaves on nodes (young beech, young oak) into winter. Today is yet a few weeks away but the thought: have I been wrong all along? Is marcescence, the endgame of our beech and oak, the ultimate poetic condition? Thirty-pound puppy bounding through white-dying ferns. Today is first frost not freeze, sweetener of Brussels sprouts.

LISTS

Jack Christian

And where am I headed with all my lists?
Toward a rumored constellation rumored maybe?

There's the sky, the point,
and the buggy by remote control—

All the choices, the furniture if you will,
all teeming against what's good enough.

Here's what's good enough...
Ahh but that's just a recursive little blinking.

And the mind loves a trick the most
the instant it unseals it.

SHORT THANATOPSIS

We ran to the peak and stood collecting thoughts.
Winter coats. Heavy fashion. The ridge of an ear
left carelessly to the cold.

Stranger stuff, too: That we were giant wood chippers
with the power to chip wood, how living
in that sense brings an end to perception
somewhere inside our extended-jam freakout session.

And brushing your hand became my seamless endeavor,
and regular, without a feel for anything.

NATURE POEM

Heather Christle

Yesterday it was marsh marigolds
by the river with my mother
and in the afternoon forsythia
with Chris

(he dislikes it)

and today it is grass again
with ants departing

or heading
towards each other to exchange
whatever message

Church bells
are literally ringing and then
oh my god the train

and jesus christ a butterfly
lovely brown with off-white tips
and every now and then irregular
lavender spots

It's not necessary
to write everything down

When a creature quietly tends
to itself

I am happy
and by extension earlier I thought
for actually a very long time
about ants and the impossibility
of ant masturbation

They do not love themselves enough
They only love each other

REALISTIC FLOWERS

At the dollar store I bought
a bouquet of fake flowers
and what could have been
but somehow (incredibly) wasn't
It only cost \$2 but still
that did not help

I planted
the flowers among actual flowers
b/c what else can you do
I was so happy I could have
torn your head apart

AN INTERVIEW WITH HEATHER CHRISTLE

1. *What is your first memory, real or imagined?*

I remember being big enough to climb into my sister's crib, and I remember not being big enough to climb back out.

2. *Is there a sentence (from anything or anywhere) you especially like?*

"The scissors was on the newspaper where who would ever see it." (From Aram Saroyan's *Minimal Poems*.) And this is not precisely a sentence, but Evie Shockley's phrase, "shining in a private dark," from her poem "my life as china" often pops into my head.

3. *What would you say is the most outlandish thing you've ever written or read, or both?*

I once included—I do not know why—a faux-Scottish-voiced line in a poem, which Chris (the person to whom I am married) quotes on occasion, apropos of nothing: "He wouldnae come inside!"

4. *Will you describe a scene from a movie that you think about often?*

From *Duck Soup*: Harpo Marx is showing Groucho his tattoos, as a way of answering questions without spoken words. To the question, "Who are you anyway," he displays, on his arm, a picture of his face. To the question, "Have you got anything by one of the old masters?" he displays, on his other arm, a picture of a curvy, bikini'd person, whose hips wiggle as he twists his arm suggestively. To the question, "Where do you live?" he eagerly undoes his shirt, displaying, on his chest, the image of a small

shack. Groucho inexplicably (though not really) meows at the image. And then—in a trick shot—the head of a not-drawn-but-filmed dog emerges from the shack’s door, barking in response. The first time I saw this I was in bed and became so excited I threw the covers off my body, letting my mouth gape open so wide I am surprised no dog barked from my face.

The scene I most often try not to think about and fail to is the one from *Heavenly Creatures* in which Pauline Parker and Juliet Hulme murder Parker’s mother. The sounds are very bad.

5. *What is a favorite piece of literature in translation?*

Alexander Vvedensky’s “Rug Hydrangea,” translated from the Russian by Matvei Yankelevich.

6. *Tell us about something you did one summer.*

In a children’s theatre production of *Alice in Wonderland* I was the understudy for the small Alice, and spent most of the summer praying something incapacitating but not fatal would befall her.

7. *What song do you like to listen to in transit, e.g., while walking, driving, on the subway?*

Os Mutantes’ “Panis et Cercencis.”

8. *Tell us about a few things that make life worth living.*

Lifelong conversations with friends. Raspberries warmed by the sun and eaten straight from the bush. The sense that one is changing and will continue to change.

I WAS A GARDEN MAZE

Christopher DeWeese

I was a garden maze,
an anxious geometry
of dead-ends and topiary

intercepting formal space
to create a sudden, floral privacy.

Lost, peasants left themselves
inside my reaches,
yelling little fires between the green horses
and disproportionate swans I kept.

After a few days,
they ploughed homesteads.

In this way, my veins became full of dancing.

Balloonists saw what I couldn't,
paths strewn like the scattered pages
of an etiquette book

left to instruct my descendants
in all the most important things,

like how to eat fish with a general,
how you impersonate a window.

I WAS A CURIOSITY

I was a curiosity
after I died

because my body turned to soap,
my nails kept growing,
and I wrote these poems

between a cemetery
subsequent Philadelphias would deny existed
and the yellow ropes
that surrounded my exhibit.

Certain businessmen found me a port
in the inclement weather
of their own personal tragedies.

Supply, they whispered,
trying to explain why
their fingers turned to knives
they rubbed against me,

hoping wrongly that I cared
to bless their wretched, consumptive lives.

One thing is certain:
eight straight pins and two four-hole buttons

were stuck within my stomach.
Everything else seems dubious.

Did I sculpt pretend animals
then eat them?

Did I fuck with the wrong magician?

BLACK

People just love a candle
A simple song

They like to work outside
Surrounded by starfish and hair

Geese break lines
To know the sky

Cops eat something
They shouldn't have saved

I'm eating someone else's pie
Please don't ask why

AN INTERVIEW WITH CHRISTOPHER DEWEESE

1. *What is your first memory, real or imagined?*

The clearest one that I know is a real memory is the night my sister was born. Not so much anything about her, but specifically the bottom of our refrigerator, where my parents had left my brother and me 16 ounce plastic bottles of Dr. Pepper (“Lucky 16”) and kingsize M&M’s in a brown paper bag, which I’m guessing had to do with psychology and the idea that if there was something special for us, we wouldn’t resent the baby? Anyway, as hippie children, such sweets were usually completely out of the question, so their being there (and the anticipation of having them, which was days if not weeks leading up to this) was extremely powerful.

2. *Is there a sentence (from anything or anywhere) you especially like?*

I love these two, at the end of “Bartleby the Scrivener”:

Ah Bartleby! Ah humanity!

3. *What would you say is the most outlandish thing you’ve ever written or read, or both?*

When people make pronouncements about what a poem is or should be or can’t be, it seems outlandish to me.

4. *Will you describe a scene from a movie that you think about often?*

The final scene of Herzog’s *Land of Silence and Darkness*, his 1971 documentary about people who can’t hear or see, often comes back to

me. In it, the camera slowly films a man who can't see or hear as he walks in the grass outside. With his hands, he finds a tree and slowly explores it. He embraces the tree. It is beautiful.

5. *What is a favorite piece of literature in translation?*

At the moment, I'm wild about Fleur Jaeggy's *These Possible Lives*, published by New Directions and translated by Minna Proctor.

6. *Tell us about something you did one summer.*

One summer I drove around the country in an airport van as part of the band of a small traveling circus. It was fun until it wasn't.

7. *What song do you like to listen to in transit, e.g., while walking, driving, on the subway?*

I love to listen to the underappreciated jazz organist Reuben Wilson's cover of "Hold on I'm Coming" over and over and over again, especially Grant Green's exceptional guitar work in it.

8. *Tell us about a few things that make life worth living.*

Drinking coffee in the morning, watching deer out the window. Lately, making up stories with my daughter. Those few poems that have reached me on such a cellular level that their words seem a part of me each day.

GIFTED

Timothy Donnelly

My breath sounded more like a recording of breath
than actual breathing, and not a high-quality

studio recording, but something cheap and muffled,
something made on a small, lightweight device

designed to be placed inside a plush white bear
presented to a child on some special occasion—

plush white bear with the sound of my breath in it,
a gift for a child with such low expectations

a toy of this kind should be cherished instantly
and for a long time to come, but no, not this child,

child who isn't quite what we thought, child who takes on
inhuman proportions, who damages surfaces,

who tears the bear apart with both hands and holds
the recording device in victory against the sun.

What comfort is it that the child is ambidextrous?
What he will do with those hands is unspeakable.

AN INTERVIEW WITH TIMOTHY DONNELLY

1. *What is your first memory, real or imagined?*

I remember staring at things: the Blackstone River, bare trees in the wind, a tall unbroken dandelion puff.

2. *Is there a sentence (from anything or anywhere) you especially like?*

From *The Monk* by Matthew Lewis: "Far from growing familiar with my prison, I beheld it every moment with new horror."

3. *What would you say is the most outlandish thing you've ever written or read, or both?*

Much of my first book seems outlandish to me. The phrase, "otiose as a dose of posthumous opium," for example.

The most outlandish thing I've ever read is *The Monk* by Matthew Lewis.

4. *Will you describe a scene from a movie that you think about often?*

I think constantly about every scene in Kubrick's *The Shining*, the Silencio sequence in Lynch's *Mulholland Drive*, and the scene in Hitchcock's *Vertigo* in which Kim Novak, playing Judy, a rough-around-the-edges Kansas-born salesclerk who dreams of a better life, impersonating icy, elegant Madeline, a wealthy ship-builder's wife who appears to be possessed by the ghost of Carlotta, her supposed great-grandmother who, abandoned by her married lover, committed suicide a century ago, points her gloved hand toward the concentric rings of a cross-section of a giant sequoia in

Muir Woods and says: "Somewhere in here I was born...and here I died. It was only a moment for you...you took no notice."

5. *What is a favorite piece of literature in translation?*

Richard Zenith's translation of Fernando Pessoa's *The Book of Disquiet*.

6. *Tell us about something you did one summer.*

I was the fastest cashier at Star Market and ate sandwiches of Gaspar's Flavored Loaf.

7. *What song do you like to listen to in transit, e.g., while walking, driving, on the subway?*

"Shadow" by Chromatics and "Shadow" by Wild Nothing.

8. *Tell us about a few things that make life worth living.*

I think for me it comes down to kindness. Even if all the other good things in life remained intact, if there were no capacity or opportunity to be kind left in the world, I wouldn't want to live.

MORAL LICENSING

Jessica Fjeld

We come home after several days
and the melon we left behind is so ripe
it fills the house. In the corner that
is left to us, I interrogate myself:
what do I feel good about, and what
badness does my goodness blind me to?
I mean bind me to.

It's only spring, but the smell
raises the air to full summer.
I feel like my sister's dog: I want
to bite the moon in two.

I feel like my own child when
every three-note melody falls around us
in tears. My dreams are the cruelest
judge of this small life.

They're about scheduling.
When I take out a large knife
and cut the melon in two,
it becomes clear that the distinction
between animal and vegetable
is illusory. There are the guts
of the fruit, laid open on the counter.
I turn to look for the seeds inside me.

PROVING THE NEGATIVE

Don't snap it out dog-
fashion fashion for yourself
a font you can read
The outer edges all loops on which
when you look closely
more loops and once you're into
the loops on those
it's a roller coaster you rode back in '02
that made you feel
death in the air inside your ears
Now what I feel
is body armor I never
shrugged into
I don't hold it against me
Please don't you
hold it against me
either

cutting
shapes of old paper
to represent an
interval of our history, that is
an enlightenment
I investigated morality as if
it exists, no need
to run a lab test on garden-
variety blood and pain
The sun didn't emerge until late day, after 4
but when it came
I came with the force inside
a flower, forcing
the bud into full bloom a full-on
visual emergency library
smell me smell more
—you can't use me up

AN INTERVIEW WITH JESSICA FJELD

1. *What is your first memory, real or imagined?*

The sun coming in the windows of my childhood bedroom, onto the tiny flowers of the wallpaper; my mother singing.

2. *Is there a sentence (from anything or anywhere) you especially like?*

Not to get too meta, but this prompt made me think of a sentence that especially liked itself:

“The sentence wanted someone to read it, the sentence thought it was a fine sentence, a noble, thorough sentence, perhaps a sentence of some importance, made of chalk dust, yes, but a sentence that contained within itself a certain swirl not unlike the nebulous heart of the unknown universe, but if no one read it, how could it be sure?” (Mary Ruefle, from “A Certain Swirl,” *The Most of It*)

3. *What would you say is the most outlandish thing you’ve ever written or read, or both?*

Once I wrote a list of everything I wanted to be really good at, and it ran to multiple pages and contained a bunch of things (like plant identification) that I’ve devoted literally zero energy to developing even basic competence in.

4. *Will you describe a scene from a movie that you think about often?*

The way the otherwise civilized animals eat in *The Fantastic Mr. Fox*.

5. *What is a favorite piece of literature in translation?*

I have a collected edition of the poems of Wislawa Szymborska that I really love.

6. *Tell us about something you did one summer.*

Planted thousands of chrysanthemums and then quit that job.

7. *What song do you like to listen to in transit, e.g., while walking, driving, on the subway?*

For years, “Mass Romantic” by the New Pornographers (kicking off playing that album end-to-end). Recently, “Frontline” by Kelela.

8. *Tell us about a few things that make life worth living.*

The rare occasion of giving the right gift at the right moment. Food and fresh flowers. How children change and surprise you.

EVERY DAY I WANT TO FLY MY KITE

Peter Gizzi

Give the world
to the world,
time to the flood,
give ash to gardens
and grain to trees.

I am not cowed
by the superlative
nature in trees.

I am lifted
and see petals opening.

Give the freckled ground
to sun,
give sepulcher
to sky
to song.

I am not one
to disregard thrush,
diminish sparrow.

Give the arrow
to lovers,
night to lavender,
lavender to sleep,
to wing
to want
to wound
to wonder
the night's watch
to the optical dawn.

Give water to stone,
stone to echo.
In the mosaic
the dove's wings
are made of bits
and stone.
The world is like this.

If I saw it
I felt it.
If I felt it
I learned from it.

And when the stars
enter the horizon,
that's Tuesday gone.

The moon
the silk
the corn
the rail.

I felt this and
it stuck to me
one midnight.
I was mewling.

I was alive with fancy
and silk and stuff.
I was stuffing for a chair
a doll.
I was blinking
and crying and.

Now the word
falling.
Now other rains.

Now organics
cyclones and seeds.
The deadly swoon
in strength and
with color
and the sound
of crows and
their platinum sheen
feeding the sky.
Flames and greatness
towing the names.

Give home
to the horizon,
horizon to mystery,
mercy, meaning.
I thought I
might try to
head out
the door.
The door.
It doesn't

matter.

I go as long
as I go and if
you're there
to sparrow.
Sparrow.

AN INTERVIEW WITH PETER GIZZI

1. *What is your first memory, real or imagined?*

The play of light and shadow billowing on a ceiling.

2. *Is there a sentence (from anything or anywhere) you especially like?*

I love many, but here is one from Melville: “In thought, a fine human brow is like the East when troubled with the morning.”

3. *What would you say is the most outlandish thing you’ve ever written or read, or both?*

If you define outlandish as “extravagant or freakishly strange” then it would be Emily Dickinson.

If you define it as “grotesque and odd” then it would be *Naked Lunch* by William Burroughs.

If “foreign or alien” then it would be Djuna Barnes, *Nightwood*.

4. *Will you describe a scene from a movie that you think about often?*

It is from *The Magnificent Ambersons* by Orson Welles. It is an iris shot zeroing in on a snow scene of an early motor carriage with a merry band of folks teetering at the end of the Victorian era, at the edge of a world.

5. *What is a favorite piece of literature in translation?*

E.V. Rieu's translation of *The Odyssey*. Even though it is a prose version published by Penguin Classics, it changed my life forever.

6. *Tell us about something you did one summer.*

When I was sixteen I ran away from home and hitchhiked across Massachusetts, from Pittsfield to the Cape. I fell in love for the first time. It was a momentous summer of early life. It was a new and strange and heady atmosphere.

7. *What song do you like to listen to in transit, e.g., while walking, driving, on the subway?*

At the moment: Dylan (especially lately the bootleg series of 'The Rolling Thunder Review'), Jason Molina, Gillian Welch, Steve Reich, Brian Eno, Boards of Canada, Billie Holiday, Curtis Mayfield, Charles Mingus, etc.

8. *Tell us about a few things that make life worth living.*

Reading, writing, listening to music, sex, taking a walk in the woods, a good meal with a good friend who can make common decency thrilling.

CAN YOU FIND ME?

Rachel B. Glaser

I'm in my parents' house
where part of me remains
I'm on white sheets
for real
I am
my finger smells like the most dangerous perfume
I'm nude as a painting
did you know I'm addicted to email?
I am
I once bought a taxidermied frog on eBay
it was dressed like a policeman
I gave it to my first boyfriend
where's it now?
somewhere among the chaos
ground into bits
last night I flirted with a dude by giving him my social security number
have you ever tried that?
my hair is so unkempt that just I felt like Kurt Cobain
as I stepped over the yoga mat and checked out my boobs in the mirror
John is in Silentland with the teen monks
do you know John?
he is the sweetest
his neck is a place
he's got great hair
he almost never channels Kurt Cobain
he's more like Harpo
or Olive Oyl
I had to Google the spelling of that

do you ask your most embarrassing questions
on Incognito tabs in Chrome?
I do
I ask about love and read the message boards
I love reading frantic wtf messages from women about to be married
I like the desperation
and the frankness
I like when the original poster returns to the board to update us
I like being part of “us”
I’m wearing my mouth guard now
can you hear the difference?
a naked woman talking like a little girl
is like something you see in a circus
in the natural circus
like a mother with food on her nose
or two catfish quietly in love

ELIZA KEPT CALLING ME GREAT

I imagined my mind was each minute
making hallways to new parts of the mansion
I saw people as their parents' dreams and troubles
each a piece in the big game
the air felt better than air
I was snug inside my high school poems
that began from a sense of well-being
then danced into a dark spot
a school trip into darkness
and now I'm wondering
what was that earlier thought?
was it just that the past and future are dreams?
and my earlier earlier thought
what was that one?
something damning and exciting about people
about people growing
I can't remember
I've talked too much
to too many people
but I'm proud of how bad my hair must look
and how I'm about to meet up with you as a mind
within a mess
a string of moments clinging together
I have lost my great realization about people
I've just taken a good five minutes to sit and really try to remember
I'm sitting on some church steps if you can believe it
I just farted against them
the air is warm
like it was in high school
and I've made a full circle back to this same block

I just farted again
and it sounded nothing like a fart
but like a plastic toy falling down steps
I leave the churchyard
feeling gothic
like a minor character in a play
(or why not—a major one!)
and walk a block to the school
examining the children's art on display
intrinsically knowing which puppets
other puppets would find sexually attractive
I meet up with you and soon after
a woman with eyes gleaming of infinite possibility
asks for bus money
insisting on how young we look
her shirt is covered in question marks
giving her money feels like the right move in a video game
and we find ourselves at the bad prom sushi place
in a good example of my high without weed feeling
I waltz through the next couple hours
an ATM hangout in the little glass room
a sink in the Ethiopian restaurant bathroom
where the hot water combines with the cold
on a little porcelain piece above the bowl
making me feel like an alchemist
hours later I remember my idea
that people aren't just wanting their lover
to take the place of their mother or father
no
people want their lover
to replace their mother, father, brother, sister, and dog
and no one can do it!

that was the thought
no one is reasonable!
maybe animals are
the people thought isn't as great as I'd remembered
doesn't wow me this time
feels like a thought almost everyone thought today
but I have great instincts!
Eliza said
though she is high off new love and her finished screenplay
and I want to write of the bathroom line drama
the butt foam
why my heart was pounding in the bookstore
we pass hell-storm Brooklyn
and I look at plastic bags
among the chain-link
like caught souls
eventually, my vivacity is overpowered by cruel internet bloopers
shitload of pain
and the familiar boredom
that finds us all
that nestles up
that sets right down
but the past is a story
and the future a less detailed story
and the dream sticks a little on both ends

JAN-U-AIRY PLAYLIST

Terrance Hayes

911/Mr. Lonely - Tyler the Creator, Frank Ocean, Steve Lacy

Dark Red - Steve Lacy

These Tears (No Longer for You) - Sharon Jones & The Dap-Kings

Just Give Me Your Time - Sharon Jones & The Dap-Kings

Sunjata - Trio Da Kali, Kronos Quartet

I See You - Dirty Projectors

Plain Gold Ring - Zara McFarlane

No Reason - Bonobo, Nick Murphy

W.I.W.W.T.W - Toro y Moi

All this I do for glory - Colin Stetson

Tierney Terrace - Loyle Carner

The People - Knox Brown

Drugs - Falty DL, Rosie Lowe

I'm Depressed - Ka5sh, Yung Skrrt

Counterfeit - Spree Wilson

Serious Drug - Wildcookie

Realla - TOKiMONSTA, Anderson .Paak

B U - Okzharp & Manthe Ribane

Lentisimo Halo - Juana Molina

Is2aleeha - Fatima Al Qadiri

Shine On - Jonny P

Halogen - Show Me the Body, Mal Devisa

Du gamla (That's Alright Since My Soul Got a Seat Up in the Kingdom) - Hakan Hellstrom

Marilyn - Mount Kimbie, Micachu

How We Got By - Mount Kimbie, James Blake

Right (Alternative Gouster Mix) - David Bowie

Golden Cage - Nilufer Yanya

Sam Cook - Illa J

Available at Spotify at: <http://spoti.fi/2G8fAnT>

SKETCHBOOK

Terrance Hayes







POSTHUMOUS* LOVE POEM 23

Christopher Janke

*written by the poet after his death

If there was an out
There out there when

We were having
In heres some

Where and your
In here still an

Uninterrupted plasticity as
If the world teaches us

There is a world
Not there to be experienced

But by force
Of custom experienced

It was our role
To connect the

Past to the future
With an event

Of our making
A vivacity of

Skin if we needed
Skin and subsequent

Juices to confirm
That the tree

In the yard was somehow
Standing in soil

That the world
Showed up for us

Or that we
In an extreme nakedness

Showed up
For the world.

I FEEL THE HEAVY

Dorothea Lasky

I feel the heavy feeling
Of being in the dead man's room
I feel it too
All I have done and not
War-torn
Birth-torn
Into the night
They sought from me
I can't even imagine
What my ancestors endured
All for what
So I go and buy an island
The mosquito buzzes around me
It seeks me
It seeks thee
Me
Ghosts,
I know you seek me
I seek you
You I seek, too
Bees,
I am a walking
Flower goddess
Goodbye,
I said to the air, the sky
Heavy heavy
You are heavy
In my arms,

The sky said to me
I know I am,
Said the bee

THE BOOK OF STARS AND THE UNIVERSE

I wish I could have explained to you what that looked like
The purple glow and time
This doesn't feel right anymore I said to him
Men thinking I'm very strange or silly
Women fighting me in the aisles
Louise said it was a mayhem she wanted
Louis you betrayed me, upon the moon
Max said the UFO is what brought him to the other side
In the dream my father took my dog
He brought her to the other world
My dog I miss you
My father I miss you
Max, I miss you
Oh poor me
My daughter you are mine to love
My house I love you once and for all
Time I love you
You're mine
You've always been
Time
You're mine
You've always been
Once and for all

THE BLUE PRIDE, THE TWO BLUE EYES

“The descending blue; that blue is all in a rush” –Hopkins

He said he loves the movie
With the blue-lined streets
Filmed near where he lives
If only I could have stayed there with him

The blue-ringing Octopus
Is in the middle of my bed
I snuggle its soft blue feathers

But no, this is the awful night of blue
With the maniac beings
At my feet

And the blue trucks that sound like nightmares
And the darkness which was once so pale
Now iced in magenta, or so in violet
In his songs that come on so suddenly

In the blue evening
In the blue night air, drained and blank
Ringing with lapis tones

What is future vision
If not blue
Says the blue
To you

I don't know I don't know
But in the midst of real death
I am not me anymore
I am silent

I am blue
And my blue mouth
Sits on the mouthpiece

So blue it is almost not an ocean
A blue estuary
That keeps me in

If I could say what I remember
His eyes to be
I would say: Yes, they were blue.
There were two.

The blue eyes
Two wooden on the wall
Tiny hooks in the eyes
More than the eyes
I remember them

Blue estuaries keep me from him
But he made them
He built their boundaries
Seed and sand and stone by stone

If the moon had a way to speak
She would sound like him
She would not sound like me

I speak for the sun
But the sun is not blue
It once was red
Now it's pale and it comes and goes
It drags the sea away from him

The sea, but it's not blue
It is made of ice and bees
The bees, the bees
And the icy sea

The icy sea
It's made of bees
It's not made of you
It's made of me

AN INTERVIEW WITH DOROTHEA LASKY

1. *What is your first memory, real or imagined?*

The first real memory I have is from when I was maybe 8 months old. I was standing in my playpen, which was decorated in yellows and oranges and with images of animals, and I was looking out the window. I saw a woman with a cat. I think I remember waving. I also have conflated the window with one that was in the house I grew up in from age 2 on, not the apartment window where I must have been at this age. So in my memory I am looking out of black Levolor blinds, which we had in my house growing up, but that I don't think was actually the case for the window in my first memory. Now in my old memory, I make the woman with the cat wave back. Because maybe that's what she was supposed to do.

2. *Is there a sentence (from anything or anywhere) you especially like?*

There is a sentence on an embroidery I found in a thrift store in Massachusetts a few summers ago that is repeated four times in black thread, alongside pictures of butterflies and flowers in purple, orange, teal, and green. It goes: "Butterflies and pansies are for Helen." Who is Helen? Oh, I'll never know, but I have made her very important in my imagination. (The embroidery sits above my desk as I type this.)

3. *What would you say is the most outlandish thing you've ever written or read, or both?*

I love how in Bob Dylan's "Isis," he says at one point, "the snow was outrageous." I've always thought that was a totally outlandish way to describe snow, because I think of that word as way to describe a person

who is very performative. The idea of the snow doing a performance is perfect to me. I love thinking of snow as putting on a show.

4. *Will you describe a scene from a movie that you think about often?*

Anyone who knows me well will roll their eyes three times when I say this, but I think about the Room 237 scene in *The Shining* constantly. Like beyond obsessively. I would argue that most of the poems in my new book, *Milk*, are about it. I love everything about it. I remember the first time I saw it I was in a big movie theater in St. Louis, and I was so freaked out I didn't sleep for days. It burned into me, I guess, for forever. Ok, so you want me to describe it? In the scene, Jack Nicholson's character goes into the room because his wife has told him there was a lady in there who has hurt their son. Jack Nicholson goes in the room and the camera pans slowly to see a relatively regular looking hotel room, except with pulsating purple and green penis flowers all over the rug. Then he walks up a few steps to a sublime weird mint green bathroom where at the farthest point away from him there is a woman in a tub. She removes a milky curtain slowly to reveal herself, her eyes armed with a sort of sinister seduction. Then the camera focuses on Jack Nicholson and we see his eyes shift and change. It could be read that then his desire has been engaged—it really is like a switch going on. I guess one could think that at this moment he becomes the predator, but I see it that at this moment the woman has attacked him with a spell, making him her prey. They move forward to each other and actually embrace (so awkwardly though) and kiss in a very empty way. Then there is the famous moment where you see her body decomposing, through the reflection of the bathroom mirror. Jack Nicholson realizes that things are terribly off and a look of disgust comes across his face. At this point, the woman, who has now become the ghost of Room 237, starts laughing vengefully. I love her laugh. The first time I saw her laugh, in this big movie theater in St. Louis, I was scared of it, as if she were coming for me. Now I laugh with her. It's a moment of triumph. The truth, not

goodness, always wins. Jack Nicholson backs away in horror, and leaves the room backwards. I love everything about this scene. The ghost of Room 237 is a goddess to me.

5. *What is a favorite piece of literature in translation?*

The Complete Stories by Clarice Lispector

6. *Tell us about something you did one summer.*

The only thing I can think of in this moment is being in high school and running a lot to prepare for the fall cross country season. I did this every summer in high school, but particularly the one before my sophomore year. I used to be absolutely in love with running. I think I could love it again, but never like the way I did then. It was my first love.

7. *What song do you like to listen to in transit, e.g., while walking, driving, on the subway?*

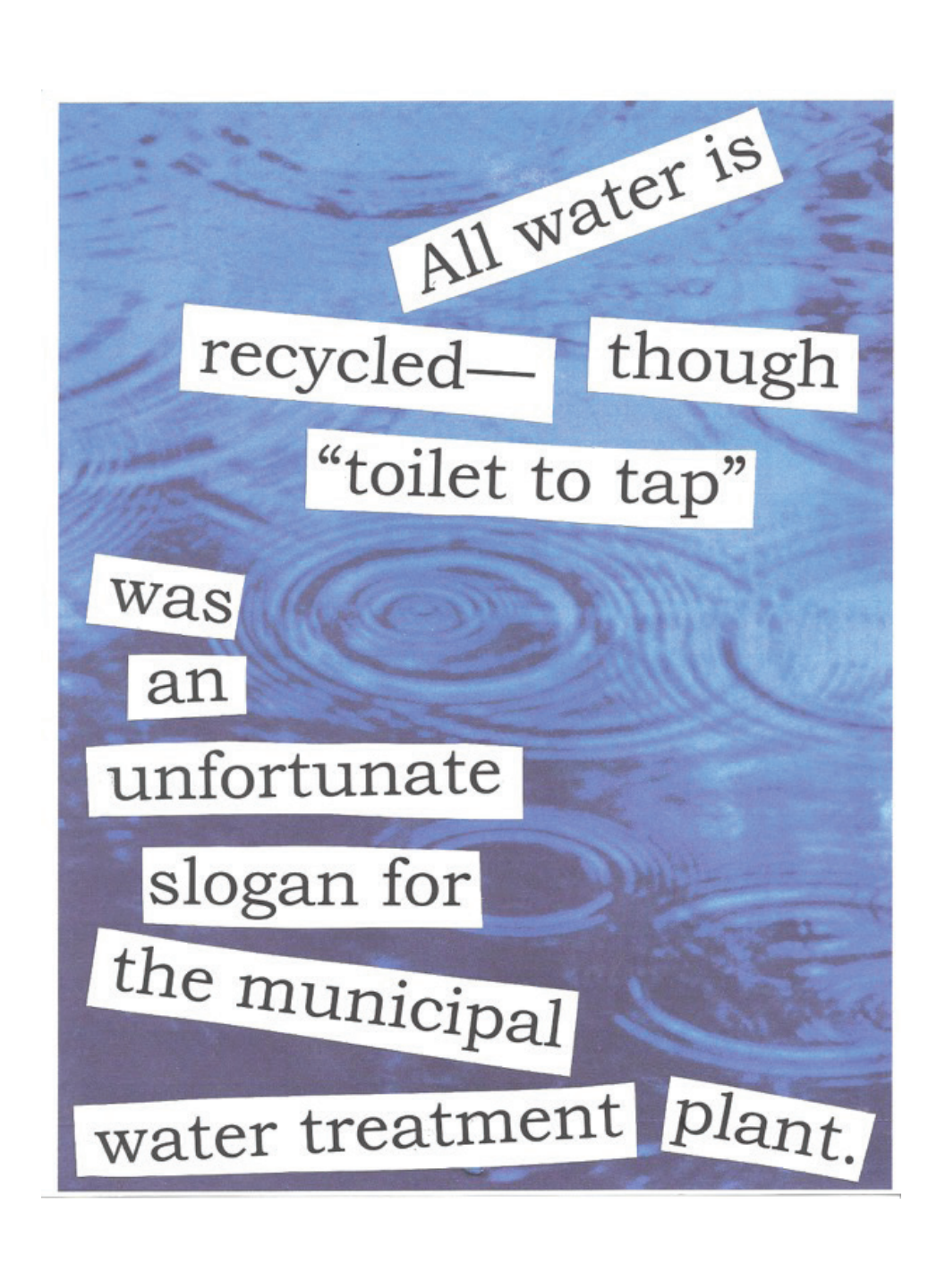
“Lovely Day” by Bill Withers

8. *Tell us about a few things that make life worth living.*

Making things, waking up, the idea of true love, children and babies, dogs, all animals except the ones that want to kill you, kissing and someone who wants to hold you gently in public, going on an adventure in a car with the music blasting, eating plants and surrounding yourself with them, eye contact, the color cadmium yellow, yellow ochre clothes—oh, and of course, poetry!

from URBAN TUMBLEWEED:
NOTES FROM A TANKA DIARY

Harryette Mullen



All water is

recycled— though

“toilet to tap”

was

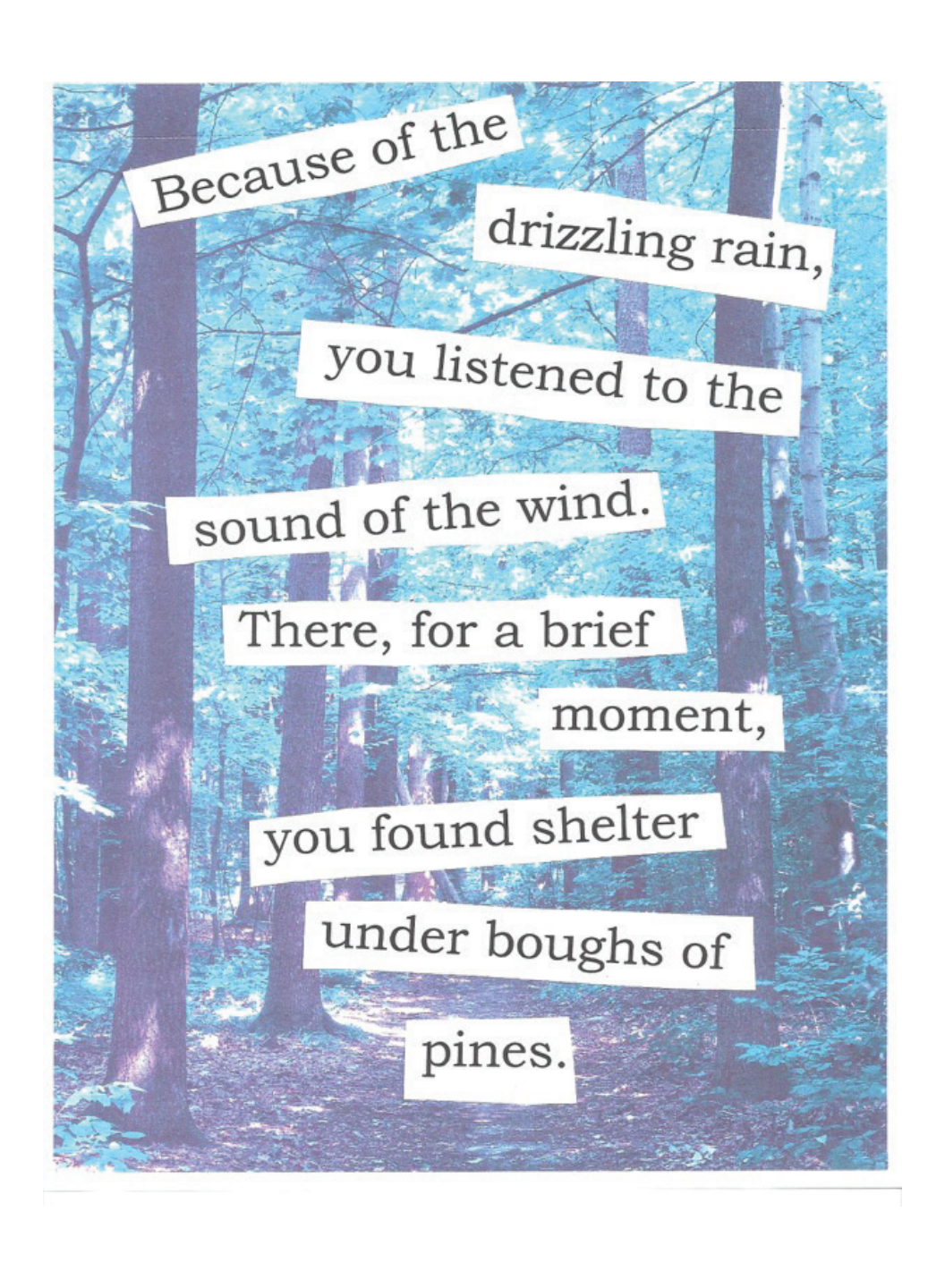
an

unfortunate

slogan for

the municipal

water treatment plant.



Because of the

drizzling rain,

you listened to the

sound of the wind.

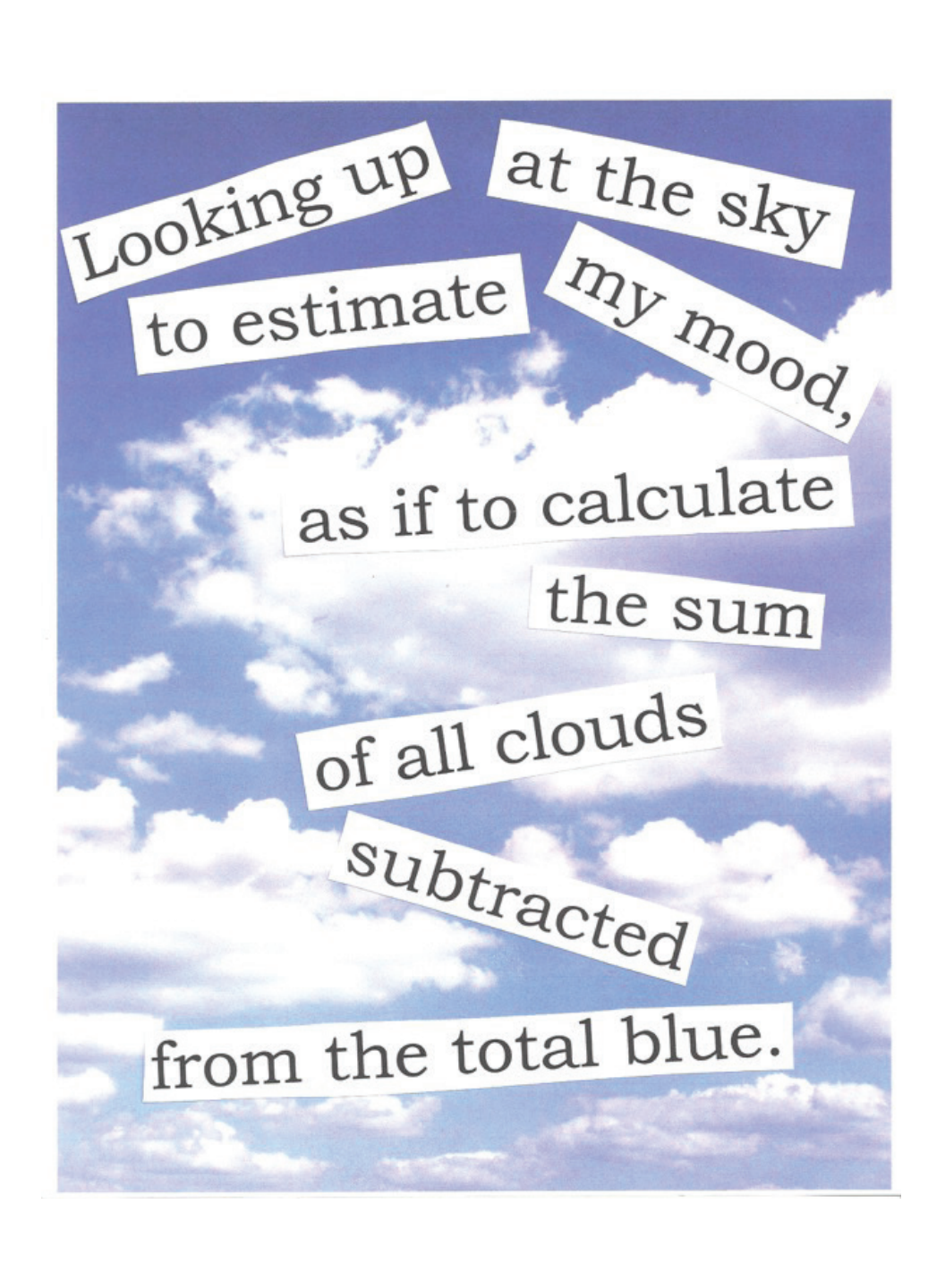
There, for a brief

moment,

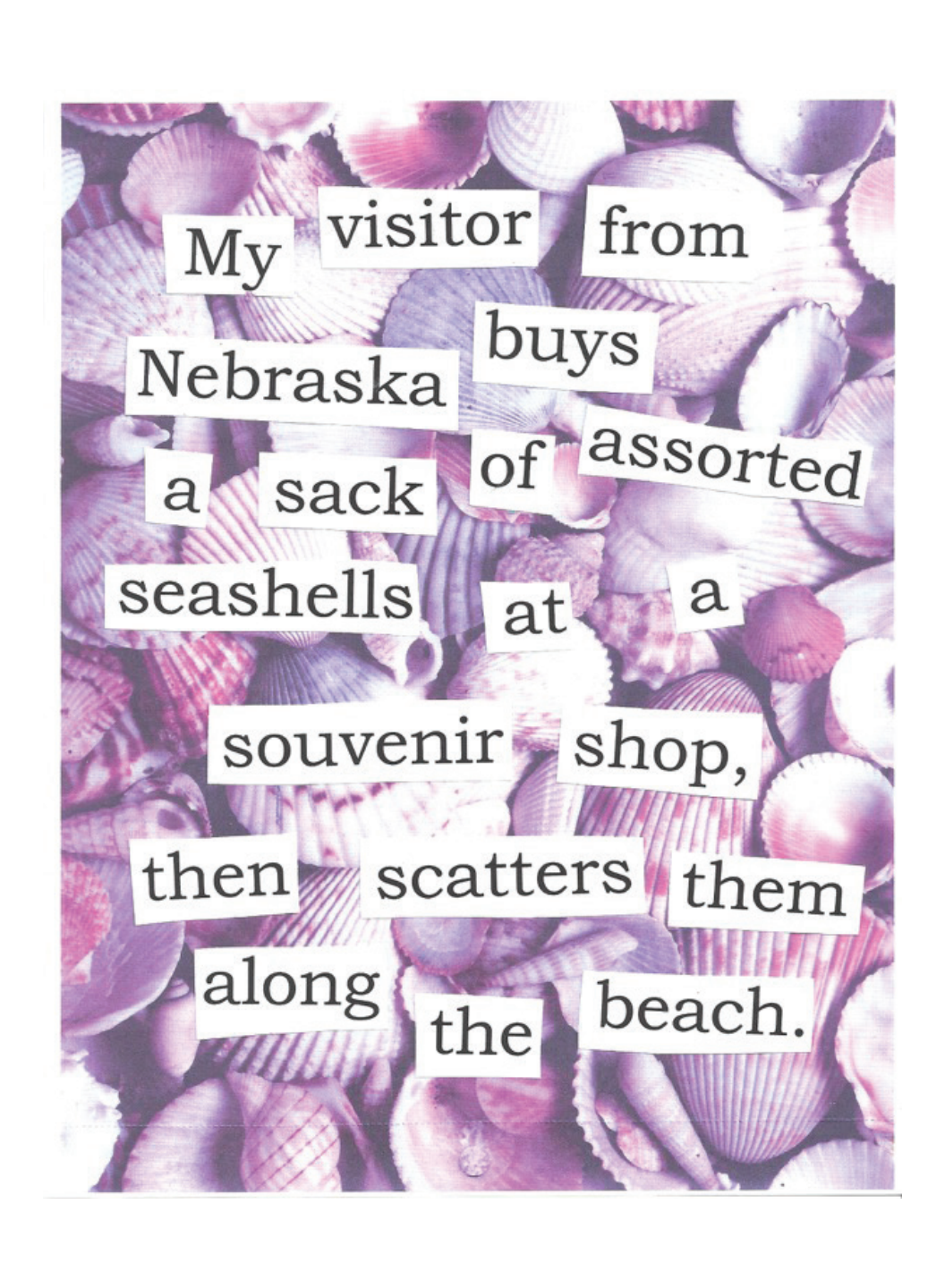
you found shelter

under boughs of

pinos.

The background of the entire image is a photograph of a bright blue sky filled with numerous white, fluffy clouds. The text is overlaid on this background in several white rectangular boxes, each containing a portion of a sentence. The boxes are tilted at various angles, following the general downward flow of the text from top-left to bottom-right.

Looking up at the sky
to estimate my mood,
as if to calculate
the sum
of all clouds
subtracted
from the total blue.



My visitor from
Nebraska buys
a sack of assorted
seashells at a
souvenir shop,
then scatters them
along the beach.

CAPRI

Eileen Myles

Today I wish I had a shrink
I write this in the old font
on the new mattress on the old bed
in the old view and with the new old leaves doing their
very light thing bouncing gentle then proud
everything pours in air flutes me
my therapist is usually a man
is older than me
is gay
I need this man so much
I'm crying on his soft shoulder
what should I do
stay still he tells me
in my mountains of paper and cemetery
view. My favorite traveller
of all time is buried downstairs
it comforts me
the virgin peeking through

scrambled branches
and leaves. I see your
kind gaze
I can talk to Mary today
stead of that man
there was a buzzing in the kitchen
this morning I thought
what the fuck is that
my refrigerator humming some toxin
into the day. I jiggered a green directory
from Ireland under the right leg
and the humming stopped.

In Texas we were laughing about hope
I misheard Tim we laughed
and laughed. That Capri the restaurant
we were sitting in - that the town
was a place of hope. And we were artists
not politicians so we don't roll out
lies like toilet paper and our laughter
is the making of friends not hope but
truth which is a bright barking
laugh hopelessly giggly

My brain is restirring everything
could that be my joke. I plan to be the poet
going down with her ship. Later I thought some
one said Jesus is great. is he. Jesus is good.
I've never put him in a sentence before
Jesus is safe in my poem. There.
This is more poem than
instagram. I'm looking at leaves
you call it gram for short.
I wrote my true poem
in the 80s
if I say it again am I simply a recording
of Eileen. Do we like that now not academic.
I was just about to take my whole life
and throw it someplace else. I'm talking so much today.
There were two Tims at the table
on Saturday. I need the whole crowd.
I could cry thinking about that. There was a Caitlin
and a John. There was a Josh.

My homesickness spreads like a mold or a
bed of flowers over the planet

a welling *sir* I tell him. I was about to throw
my whole life again and I won't even say
no. Eventually I hoped to be a writer who went
wrong who spoiled herself out there.
I want to be spoiled everywhere
that's my hope and I'm doing a pretty good job
If it wasn't for coffee you could plant
flowers in my head. The criminal thing
in poetry is to write as you go.
I believe in leaving everything
later on having all your tools
but today and in certain desperate moments
I write on the edge of a cliff in this great erasing machine
that eats everything saves everything but has lost
so much. And that's my life doctor
his chest is so soft. His manly tits
You've been gone almost all of my life dad
And still you're the holder of my song
I don't know if I can throw it
again. I'm sitting in my little home
I mean inside twice or even
three inside home inside poetry

and inside me. The saddest part is dreaming of
being taken up inside
a woman. Like being born
in love I'll never dream
that again
I saw a little email in which I said
my leg hurt and she said
it misses me and this morning doctor
I really thought I'll never
feel that again. She signed her
letter the retired Ruby
and I thought I retire
from everything but the kindness
of these leaves and the bobbing
rise of time in my view
little bursts of light
saying yes yes
doctor doctor
and changing again
hold me now

IN THE PICTURE

someone gave me steroids

& someone gave

me an applause

machine

I cleaned

the mirror

as if I'd

never lived

in evidence

in photographs

I'm the

one who

lives glum

if I'm

happy I

look crazy

stay out of crowds

stay out of photo

graphs

This is not a
good pen
& the car goes
whoosh

get to the airport
early
oops I'm still
shitting

she was in this reading
with us

we would've *killed*
she did

They'll say *they*
killed. And

it'll just
be me.

BLUE IS THE ROOM IN THE HOUSE WE DON'T USE

Lisa Olstein

Thank god you're still here
beats the heart to the beloved
turbulence of living air. Wolf-
spelled, we can't always tell
the swallows from the landlady's
shadow until she laughs and we think:
crow-crow. Ivory caskets in the moonlight,
creatures of what comforting alarm
before dawn, what familiar distress
in the undress of weeded lawns,
here is a flock of peonies, ants still
blissful in their sticky cling of buds.
Sometimes when we make a mistake,
we repeat it to be sure. That hurts.
Yes. Try again. Where I might have
chosen power, many days I chose
kindness and many days I have been
filled with regret. A cat will eat you,
disdainfully it is said, but how is it
better for a dog to starve beside you
instead? So little of us edible, arable,
in the end, but I confess I've only ever
wanted to swallow my dead. Only
the closest, only to hold them closer still.
Rabbits, my doctor is my nurse. She tells me
not to watch the news anymore. In this

she echoes the advice I give myself,
but I hold it against her anyway.
Rabbits, it hurts.

A SPIRAL SEEN

Emily Pettit

Flushed wriggling sort of expected.

Drifting red barn. The ghosts were

singing. An eye falling behind

the horizon. The ghosts clinging.

Pink laughing. Yellow in a song

suddenly a lovely memory.

Some distant room. A few words

the morning long. Weather changed

the sun. Shapeless through some strange

distance. Silence echoed clamorous and

constant. You let someone absent

speak.

AN INTERVIEW WITH EMILY PETTIT

1. *What is your first memory, real or imagined?*

An inflatable dinosaur in a dim room.

2. *Is there a sentence (from anything or anywhere) you especially like?*

The satisfactory / emphasis is on / revolving. / Don't send / steadily; after
/ you know me / I'll be no one.

– Lorine Niedecker

3. *What would you say is the most outlandish thing you've ever written or read, or both?*

I do not know.

4. *Will you describe a scene from a movie that you think about often?*

I often think of a scene from the animated film, *The Last Unicorn*, in which waves full of unicorns pour onto a shore and the unicorns drive their enemy, a red bull made of fire, into the sea.

5. *What is a favorite piece of literature in translation?*

There are so many. Today I will say *Kafka On The Shore* by Haruki Murakami, translated by Philip Gabriel.

6. *Tell us about something you did one summer.*

One summer I listened to Santigold's song "L.E.S Artistes" over and over and over again.

7. *What song do you like to listen to in transit, e.g., while walking, driving, on the subway?*

In recent days, Angel Olsen's "Dance Slow Decades."

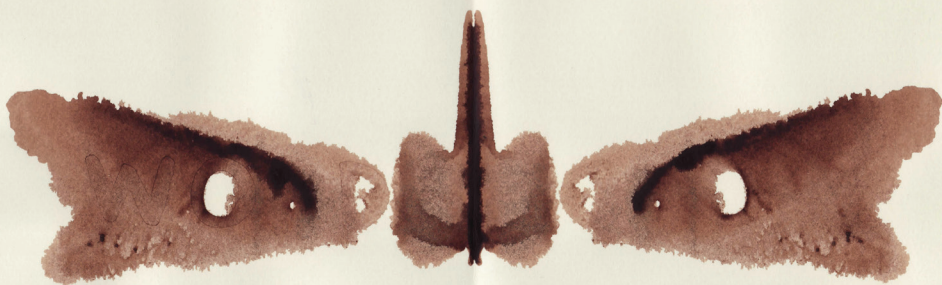
8. *Tell us about a few things that make life worth living.*

Seahorses. Music. Paint. Poetry.

WORDS AND PICTURES SHOW

Matthea Harvey & Amy Jean Porter

The textblots reproduced here are the result of a glorious afternoon we spent feeding the text “words and pictures show” into an anagram generator, making a living room floor-full of inkblots, then pairing the text with the image.



DESCRIPTOR

HANDS WOW US



OH SAD WINDSWEPT CURSOR



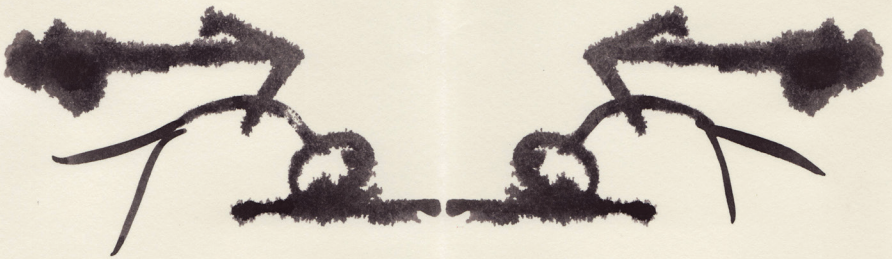
SPIDER'S WONDROUS WATCH



WHO'D WORN DR'S SPACESUIT?



POSTCARD SHOWS WEIRD'UN



WHO'D ~~PROD~~ WET NARCISSUS?

ORGAN HARVESTER

D. A. Powell

You take your chances. Hope it's a match,
the retina, for some recipient you haven't met.
Most likely not a match.

Oh reaper won't you leave and take somebody else
home from the harvest dance.

With a spoon and a little dish he scooped me out
an aggregation of eyes sloshy in the bowl
then set them like opals in a clock face on the right kisser.

For skin, there is a peeler goes right through you
like a vegetable. Long thin strips to lay on someone's
raw bottom or back or the backs of legs.

Thou hast flayed me with thy beauty
and the carbon blade you carry in your heart.

And as for that most vital meat, you keep
a set of snippers and a set of clamps. Retraction.
A polyurethane container
and an inflatable cushion
to keep that vulnerable ticker from being shaken.

FUNDAMENTALS OF ESPERANTO

Srikanth Reddy

The grammatical rules of this language can be learned in one sitting.

Nouns have no gender & end in –o; the plural terminates in –oj (pronounced –oy) & the accusative, –on (plural –ojn).

Amiko, friend; amikoj, friends; amikon & amikojn, accusative friend & friends.

Adjectives end in –a & take plural & accusative endings to agree with things.

Ma amiko is my friend.

All verbs are regular & have only one form for each tense or mood; they are not altered for person or number. Mi havas bonajn amikojn is simply to say I have good friends.

Adverbs end in –e.

La bonaj amiko estas ie. The good friend is here.

*

A new book appears in Esperanto every week. Radio stations in Europe, the United States, China, Russia & Brasil broadcast in Esperanto, as does Radio Vatican. In 1959, UNESCO declared the International Federation of Esperanto Speakers to be in accord with its mission & granted this body consultative status. The youth branch of the International Federa-

tion of Esperanto Speakers, UTA, has offices in 80 different countries & organizes social events where young people curious about the movement may dance to recordings by Esperanto artists, enjoy complimentary soft drinks & take home Esperanto versions of major literary works including the *Old Testament* & *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. William Shatner's first feature-length vehicle was a horror film shot entirely in Esperanto. Esperanto is among the languages currently sailing into deep space on board the Voyager spacecraft.

*

Esperanto is an artificial language
constructed in 1887 by L.
L. Zamenhof, a Polish
oculist. I first came
across *Fundamento Esperanto*, the text
which introduced this system
to the world, as I travelled abroad

following a somewhat difficult period
in my life. It was twilight & snowing on the
railway platform just outside
Warsaw where I had missed
my connection. A man in a crumpled track suit
& dark glasses pushed a cart
piled high with ripped & weathered volumes—

sex manuals, detective stories, yellowing
musical scores & outdated physics textbooks,
old copies of *Life*, new smut,
an atlas translated,
a grammar, *The Mirror*, Soviet-bloc comics,

a guide to the rivers &
mountains, thesauri, inscrutable

musical scores & mimeographed physics books,
defective stories, obsolete sex manuals –
one of which caught my notice
(Dr. Esperanto,
Zamenhof's pen name, translates as He Who Hopes) &
since I had time, I traded
my used *Leaves of Grass* for a copy.

*

Mi amas vin, bela amiko.
I'm afraid I will never be lonely enough.
There's a man from Quebec in my head,

a friend to the purple martins.
Purple martins are the Cadillac of swallows.
All purple martins are dying or dead.
Brainscans of grown purple martins suggest
these creatures feel the same levels of doubt

& bliss as an eight-year-old girl in captivity.
While driving home from the brewery
one night this man from Quebec heard a radio program
about purple martins & the next day he set out
to build them a house
in his own back yard. I've never built anything,
let alone a home,

not to mention a home
for somebody else.

I've never unrolled a blueprint onto a workbench,
sunk a post,
or sent the neighbor's kid pedalling off
to the store for a bag full of nails.

I've never waited ten years for a swallow.

Never put in aluminum floors to smooth over the waiting.
Never piped sugar water through colored tubes
to each empty nest lined with newspaper shredded
with strong, tired hands.
Never dismantled the entire affair

& put it back together again.
Still no swallows.

I never installed the big light that stays on through the night

to keep owls away. Never installed lesser lights,
never rested on Sunday

with a beer on the deck surveying
what I had done
& what yet remained to be done, listening to Styx

while the neighbor kids ran through my sprinklers.
I have never collapsed in abandon.
Never prayed.
But enough about purple martins.

*

As we speak, Esperanto is being corrupted

by upstart languages such as Interlingua,
Klingon, Java & various cryptophasic tongues.

Our only hope of reversing this trend is to write
the Esperanto epic. Through its grandeur
& homegrown humility, it will spur men

to freeze the mutating patois so the children
of our children's children may dwell in this song
& find comfort in its true texture & frame.

It's worth a try. As I imagine it, it ends
in the middle of things. Every line of the work
is a first & a last line & this is the spring

of its action. Of course, there's a journey
& inside that journey, an implicit voyage
through the underworld. There's a bridge

made of boats; a carp stuffed with flowers;
a comic dispute among sweetmeat vendors;
a digression on shadows; men clapping

in fields to scare away crows; an unending list
of warships: *The Unternehmen*, *The Impresa*,
The Muyarchi, *Viec Lam*, *The Przedsiebiorstwo*,

The Indarka, *The Enterprise*, *L'Entreprise*,
Entrepreno... One could go on. But by now,
all the characters have turned into swallows

& bank as one flock in the sky—that is,

all except one. That's how we finally learn
who the hero was all along. Weary & old,

he sits on a rock & watches his friends
fly one by one out of the song,
then turns back to the journey they all began

long ago, keeping the river to his right.

ON VAST WINGS

Matthew Rohrer

You rise over the wetlands
on vast wings and are
unknowable to me
for the duration of your flight
but once you're back on the ground
I can track you
with an app on my phone
and watch you pass by
all the shops all the sweet
shops and shining diamonds
and your little dot
shimmers along
the half-drawn streets
shimmers and flickers
and fades a little
when a cop drives by
with this other app
you can change your race
and make your escape

SOLDIERS

The wind from a truck
 smells like oranges
 the wholesale jewelry district
 is curiously dull
soldiers stationed on the corners
 absorb the light
 I leave
 their enemies walk right past
dressed like flowers
 singing songs

THE FIRE EATER

At night in the hills
of the cemetery strange lights
not made by man / moving
winter is insistent / we move
strangely too / the bare trees

write (badly) against the sky
I set out under-dressed
and unarmed though probably safe
just one day after a massacre

and under cover of fog
passing by a fire eater
I recognize her / old friend
in a coat that's thin
warming herself up from within

AN INTERVIEW WITH MATTHEW ROHRER

1. *What is your first memory, real or imagined?*

Getting sand thrown in my eyes on an army base.

2. *Is there a sentence (from anything or anywhere) you especially like?*

"A man, to be greatly good, must imagine intensely and comprehensively. He must put himself in the place of another and of many others."-- Shelley

3. *What would you say is the most outlandish thing you've ever written or read, or both?*

The biography of Aleister Crowley: *The Beast 666*. Apparently he was the first to summit K2. But also there was all the Satanism.

4. *Will you describe a scene from a movie that you think about often?*

In *Clueless*, when Cher rolls right through a stop sign and says "I totally paused!"

5. *What is a favorite piece of literature in translation?*

César Aira's *The Literary Conference*

6. *Tell us about something you did one summer.*

I went swimming in Duino with Tomaž Šalamun, Matthew Zapruder and Joshua Beckman, and it was the opposite of elegiac.

7. *What song do you like to listen to in transit, e.g., while walking, driving, on the subway?*

Gorillaz “Feel Good Inc”

8. *Tell us about a few things that make life worth living.*

Recorded Music

The pine forests of North America

Cooking for people you love

from HEAR OARS

Zachary Schomburg

No one knows what BOGO means.
I'd lick my own forehead off if I could.
Anyway, things don't work out for me.
I hid the cash in the wrong cave.
I'm the only thing tigers eat.
My head's above the light.
I squint my eyes only to see fighters.

I'd never heard of Kentucky.
I thought it was a kind of beef.
Days later I'm deep inside it.
I'm face to face with an elf.
The elf's mouth won't move unless I lick it.
I lick a whole life from it.
A strawberry softening in the sun.

It's not just any river.
It's got that kind of blue glow.
It blinks twice.
It reminds me of my grandma's tail.
In that we all die horribly.
I'm bound to take the river for the world.
I'm bound to tell the world my idea.
Stop it with heaven.

Never take a class on how to fly.
They just tell you to stand on one leg.
I jump and on the way up I know.
Two birds fly around my head: a crown of laughter.
My body is/is not a thing.
Like eyes of bees.

AN INTERVIEW WITH ZACHARY SCHOMBURG

1. *What is your first memory, real or imagined?*

I was licking some red and yellow shag carpet on the stairs. I also remember licking a screen door. I'm not sure which was first.

2. *Is there a sentence (from anything or anywhere) you especially like?*

And nothing's revealed because it was never known.

3. *What would you say is the most outlandish thing you've ever written or read, or both?*

I only write what I write and read what I read.

4. *Will you describe a scene from a movie that you think about often?*

So, in *Flight of the Navigator*, this young boy returned to his house from a quick jaunt in the woods. Strangely, the door was locked, so he knocked. Instead of his parents opening the door, an older couple opened the door. All the furniture was different—maybe the couch and carpet were yellowish—and the older couple looked confused at the sight of the boy. The boy ran into the house, and up the stairs, yelling for his mom and dad. I remember him kind of collapsing on the stairs, defeated and crying. I think the older couple asked him who his parents were, and they said something about how his parents moved from that house like twenty years ago or something. I've only watched that scene once, in 1986, and I've never seen it again, but I think about it a lot, and that is how I remember it.

5. *What is a favorite piece of literature in translation?*

Gabriel Garcia Marquez's *100 Years of Solitude*.

6. *Tell us about something you did one summer.*

My grandpa, Bill, and I once found a bullfrog in a pond near his house. We entered it into the bullfrog jumping contest at the Bluegrass Festival in Maitland, MO, the next day. When I was trying to get it to make a leap, I accidentally jumped on top of it and killed it.

7. *What song do you like to listen to in transit, e.g., while walking, driving, on the subway?*

Superchunk's "Detroit Has a Skyline"

8. *Tell us about a few things that make life worth living.*

B, N, K, B, J, and L.

COSMOGRAPHY

Evie Shockley

—after jay wright

a call opera'd me open, dusty
evidence : we breathe light, particulate,
consumed, consuming : aria—easy,
but true : i heard it, watched it command,
cajole, rolling bright echoes of distance,
motes, notes, dancing illumination in
and out on my individual wind

A TOUGH LOVE SONG

let us go then, you and i, to bed
together in unlikely fellowship.

let us make common cause out
of the clay of exploitation—from

little and less: many. let us take
the pocket change thrown our

way for buying into the racial
divide and invest it in our own

interests. let us understand that
the companies selling us cheap

goods have slapped a dollar figure
where our health and children

should be. let us acknowledge
that sustainable low-fat lattes

are neither sustainable nor a fair
trade for a living future. let us

pass on passing on the smell of
our choices to lands overseas

and over walls via trade winds.
let us take the idea of strength

in numbers to union meetings
and make sure everyone gets
to dance. let us compare photos
of our dreams and be surprised
to discover they're close in age
and all wearing shoes the same
dusty blue. let us unhook morality
from mainstreamery, education
from condescension, and free-
dom of choice from ads for
anything. let us find out who's
laughing in the front row every
time we sharpen our teeth for
the fight, and chase them all the
way into their bank accounts.
let us go then, you and i, agreed
to share that big unlikely bed,
where there's plenty of room if
we can just get all this other
mess out from under the covers.

APPLE ELEGY

Bianca Stone

The apples here are not brief.
They stay in the ground
filled with wasps
giving birth.
Ah, but the illusion shifts.
The infant comes
like a white lilac,
full and fragrant.
My delusional dead relatives,
my personal sagas,
want to return.
If no one lives on
through the dullness
of objects, the
humiliation of humans,
then who ever lives?
Only the sad, powerful,
bias of the mind,
reining for millennia
never leaves.
All flowers speak
this language.
A hundred stalks
of purple chicory
on the road, lecture it.
The witchy apples,
turn. Their warm,
rotten bodies

trying to come back
through a tiny slit in the veil,
through the addict's mouth,
through the shitty writing
of lesser poets.

THE DETACHMENT

Eventually we don't need our mothers.
(And I don't know if we ever
needed our fathers). But when does it come?
I can almost touch it—
almost taste it. That I am
unneeded by her. And un-needing.
I don't know when it comes. But it must.
When you become a body that would survive
if she disappeared, like a snake,
imperial and unashamed
after she has laid her eggs in the sand—
I know it starts with milk.
The distorted nipple and the last latch.
I know it ends with a slam of a door,
a stomp across the snow, a swear word
yelping like a terrier in your wake.
That moment—that space in time,
when your mind detaches the thread
that needs her approval, her acceptance,
her love— in the accumulation of things said
and received that have built up over time—
but O the heart—how much it longs,
while it all ends.
While you drive away
down the same road
you've driven hundreds of times.
A road almost aggressive in its familiarity,
its consistency—but this time,
an alternate reality
where you finally understand something;

leaving her
like a bomb hidden in her own house,
unclicked; a willow sawn down,
the dropping vines of her hair across her face,
the quiver of her cigarette,
her eyes downcast, until a flare upwards towards you,
the eyes you watched, anxious, all these years,
waiting for an opening
to leap back in—
when does it happen
that you level your eyes back, that you
turn away, that you let yourself
live your life?

READ THE GREAT POETS

James Tate

What good is life without music.
But that's impossible,
one shuffle has always led to another.
One man hears it start on his lathe,
a mother beats her eggs.
There's a typewriter in the next room.
Two cars are angry at each other.
The baby downstairs is wet again.
I remember the voice of a dead friend.
Everything speaks at the same time.
Music will watch us drown.

I write letters to all those from whom I receive
and to many of those from whom I don't.
I read books, anything, useless piles of random
insufferable rubbish for which, in my torpid panic,
I fall through time and space each day
in my foolish way, remembering only the present feeling,
not the village with its face of death,
nothing to be carried secretly in a car.
I move from the stiff-backed chair
to the brown leather one
as the day wears on. And then finally
the couch, allowing the spirit to leave
the broken body and wander at will.
Lately it's a pasture of Holsteins she longs for.

There's a certain point in each evening when I have to put on some really soul-shattering rock-and-roll music and comb my hair into this special caveman fright-wig. I've done as much as two or even three dollars worth of damage to my apartment in one hour of all-stops-pulled Bacchic, Dionysian celebration and revolution of this great dull life, so fascinating it hypnotizes you and then puts you to sleep, only to never know the ending. It's strange though, no one ever complains. Is it what I feared all along? We are playing the same song and no one has ever heard anything.

People read poems like newspapers, look at paintings as though they were excavations in the City Center, listen to music as if it were rush hour condensed. They don't even know who's invaded whom, what's going to be built there (when, if ever). They get home. That's all that matters to them. They get home. They get home alive.

So what it's been burgled. The heirlooms. Mother's rings, father's cufflinks. They go to a distant island and get robbed there. It's the same everywhere. Read the great poets, listen to the great composers. It's the same everywhere. The Masters. The Thieves.

RENAISSANCE IN JUNE

Betsy Wheeler

after Wallace Stevens

Onto the paint-peeling porch I drop
everything I know. Summer heat again
is my tiny bird-heart suspended.
Frantic flutter of my breathing captured
inside my chest wall's heaving cage.
Here, take my red heart, beating, into your
cupped and freckled hand.

* * *

Among twenty, I was
the bloody blackbird: sullen and cunning
wrapped around wanting.
Brightness filled the room.
I remember when blackbird, she
landed. At the sight of her, I
rode fast on that river. It was evening
and half-past drunkenness, so I left.
Careening—a straight shot
like the crow would fly—over
the cornfield home, flushed
and breathless. In my chest a million
wings flapping. What? Is happening?

* * *

Cold feet in bed and not a minute
later I reach for your body
to warm me your soft body.
No more nightcaps to cap off
the night so I can wake just
to do it all again. Grateful
for no longer racing toward night
with feet dragging into day
where everyone looks up the same
way, in wonder once in a while.

* * *

I've never chalked anything up to chance and left
it there, slowly dusting to nothing.
Like when the train slid past us, quiet
and electric, so we had to walk the rest of the way.
That was meant to be. Believe me? I know,
it's easier to believe in the magnitude.
In the existence of all those weird ocean-bottom dwellers
that make me feel so ordinary with their neon coats,
super-hero strength, like the little ants and their tiny ribs.
I really don't want to draw them to poison, I would rather
us live together on this extraordinary planet, with me wearing
an ordinary coat, and let them flock to ordinary cobbler
scattered on our kitchen floor we want to get to but can't yet because
the train misses us, running un-ordinarily on schedule.

* * *

So here we are. Living our lives by hours.
Holding onto each other's arms.

Crying and never getting drunk because
we don't do that stuff anymore. And why?
It's so much harder to live this way, which
is to say awake and vulnerable, wrung out
over the sink, over the barrel, over the I
can't stand any more to peel away
the layers of the onion, so that weed keeps
growing up between us. Woody stalk.
I'm so sad tonight that I want to make love to you
and feel it even more deeply but we make dinner.
A meal square. A protein triangle.
A marriage, a circle, a gathering,
but you haven't asked. So I ask:
what have we learned from this?
And blackbird says nothing.

* * *

I wait for you to get home.
The neighbor's trimming the hedges,
both kittens stretching out.
How do I make it all interesting?
Authentic? Then it happens: envy
creeps in all quiet-like on a great pair of legs.

So then the sun begins.
So then the sun burns
and begins to warm
us and that is good, so I say:
*May you have
goodness. May you
have good. Evenings*

*warmed by daylong
sun and long dark streets
welcoming a walk on
warm pavement.
Hello, beautiful summer.
This is good, god, good.
Let it be.*

THE PROMISES

after collages by Lilly Pereira

And what to my wandering
eyes would appear if I used all

available words. Would every
temptation thought be instantly

forgiven? Maybe it would hurricane.
Maybe the lights would snuff.

Maybe that crowd could finally see
me winning at “ring the bell.”

But I’m donkey-tired.
Getting older I just don’t want

the drama anymore. *Life’s too short*
says my inner ferryman, as he

pushes his paddle deep
into the cold shore and leans.

I picked stones and put them in to weight
my pockets down. No drama.

I held turkey feathers out the car window.
Said I’m sorry to everyone.

I hung my long silver earrings on the lampshade’s lip

when it wasn't appropriate to accessorize.

Now when we're all in silence, I use
my earphones. When you're trying to

sleep, I use the quieter vibrator.
Play angry birds all night. Finally

get that mosquito. Refuse to go
on a reading fast. Call gingerbread

"almost chocolate cake." I make it
to the wedding. I buy that knife

from a Peruvian Shaman. I consider
visiting baby lambs for therapeutic purposes.

I watch Penelope calling in the light,
pulling it from the sky's yellow pocket.

If you'd asked me years ago I'd never
have said that's who god was; the one

tethering the universe's skin, harnessing
the many-patterned light, making it glow

so normally.

Dogs

Arisa White

In the kitchen window my thought became transparent.
My estrange father moving the fabric of his trousers.
He's blacker near the equator and the years stripped him
down. I see his bones and his penis, a dying fruit and I'm
regretful. He arrives back into my world with just the stories
of his riches. His finger pointing to the roof of the tallest building
on this side of Georgetown. It was there he shook political hands,
charmed women away from political romances, and he laughs.
He is missing teeth where I am missing teeth, but my North
American vanity and dental insurance help me conceal my own decay.
What is hard about putting my dollars in his hands:
I don't have memories of his care.

My undergraduate professor, whose intelligence makes me
want to huff on her, tells me that giving to him now will be
my spiritual growth—just when I wanted to act like a father.
Professor is telling me to act like a farmer. She's tilling
on my last ovary, summoning a nurturer to break through.
But there is no hurry.

It is like: you start a relationship with a person who has a pet
from a previous. She and her-past selected the pet in its
infancy. It was cute, full of life, its coat full-luster. Her
memories shine her eyes and what you get, the old dog.
Who solicits her panic and anxiety; special diets that take
more cost to prepare.

It is: Dementia leaving it confused in the middle of a room.

I'm lifting then wiping the shit from its ass. I can smell its breath,
and No. I cannot pick up those overseas calls. Me,
I'm shouting its name so old dog can hear the door.

I cannot forget I am that person of both accounts.
An ex-girlfriend who so often talked about wanting a dog,
how her childhood dog comforted her after step-dad savagely
beat her. That the dog held no grudges against her and was
there to greet her with renewed love, consistent love, loyalty.
And when someone speaks with such desires, I want to give
them this thing that helps them feel clearly. Now Sage is old.

The ex is married and Sage will only eat the roasted herb
chicken from Whole Foods. The wives walk across pee-pee
pads because Sage can't hold it, can't make it, and now her face
has turned white. Her brown and copper fur, faded. She is
dying of a cancer too expensive too afford with no guarantee
her life will be prolonged, or made better. Sage is dead.

I remember those months after getting her from the kennel,
she wailed in the cage and I heard her three blocks away from
the house. Her agony burrowed into the nape of my neck.
It pissed me off her cries were so primal—so passionate
her need for me to stay.

FIRSTS

The same route each time. My old apartment building on the triangle block. The taco truck. On the top floor my first apartment. First time living completely on my own. There, from the kitchen window, that view of the Lake. I knew I couldn't afford such a view if Brooklyn had a lake in its downtown and my apartment was across from it. Now its siding has been removed. I called Nancy.

The Korean landlord who took a liking to Natalie's cowboy shirt when we came to see the place. The one, black with red roses on its shoulder flaps. It was a shirt I couldn't afford so I put it on my credit card. I wanted her to have something nice, something to feel good about, because we weren't feeling each other. Nancy tells me the building caught on fire from a tenant's heater. I moved out seven years ago, and Nancy saved my phone number.

She left me messages to say, *I have some mail for you, it looks important. It's from Wells Fargo.* It was addressed to Natalie and me, from our joint account. Some lawsuit settlement and we got \$20.10. I figured I didn't need to split it. I am dead to her.

When I was moving out the apartment, Nancy asked how is Natalie, *You two moving in together?* I said, *We're no longer together.* Nancy said sorry in the way we do with loss. Sorry like I'm naked before her and she forgot to knock before entering. *It is good,* I tell Nancy. *I am happy,* I tell Nancy. Although happy wasn't what I was, I was terrified of the choice I made to end things, to cheat, and then to have fallen in love. I don't tell Nancy, I have no clue what love is but when it pulls you by your heart, like you are lassoed and no longer have choice on where you'll go—you hope to god, life and limbs will remain intact.

I lived on the second floor. There was a Chinese family next door, in the back. Below, a Mexican family. One night when I invited friends over, something I rarely did because my home was a private place and I didn't want the feeling I created to be disturbed by other bodies. But in the kitchen, large enough to fit a high-top table, a loveseat in front of my window, there was Sergio, Joy, Natalie, our laughter booming. My downstairs neighbors took a stick and banged on the ceiling and we felt the vibrations under our feet—so pronounced we turned the volume down.

But when the woman's screams came through my bedroom floor, lifted me from my pillow, I was too frightened to beat back. To find some code to say, *Shut the fuck up*. Because the only way I knew how to stop the peeling of a beaten woman was to put my body between her and the next blow. She was not my mother and she was not in the bedroom down the hall. So Natalie watched me wonder what to do. *Should I call the police. Should we?* She asked the dark. I was too scared to make a call—my sister was the one who did. Natalie dialed and she explained, she gave the address, and in the interim we listened to the woman's *Nos* grow sharp, drop sorrowful, how she pleaded and compromised until the firemen came; and I remember how skin and muscles burn after a man has ashed his fists.

The apartment building is all boarded up, and a graffiti artist keeps tagging it Salem, Salem, Salem.

AN INTERVIEW WITH ARISA WHITE

1. *What is your first memory, real or imagined?*

Awoken by sunlight and when I opened my eyes, Raggedy Ann stared back at me from my bedsheets. I was three years old.

2. *Is there a sentence (from anything or anywhere) you especially like?*

“We might say that slavery trans* all desire as it made some people into things, some into buyers, sellers, owners, fuckers, and breeders of that Black flesh.”

—Christina Sharpe, *In the Wake: On Blackness and Being*

3. *What would you say is the most outlandish thing you’ve ever written or read, or both?*

There are two pieces I recall immediately, and each has a ritualistic quality to them: one inspired by the reading of the Metzora—poet Joshua Bolton asked me to participate in a project he was doing on composing a poetic accompaniment to the Torah. Opening line: “God, the MotherFather of us all, said to me. . .” In that poem, I’m providing a ritual for my estranged father to revive himself from a deadbeat. And for the Writers Resist reading in Oakland, I repeated over and over “Stillness and breath, breathe your body and flesh” until the room reached a quietness where it was my voice, glasses clinking at the bar, and the most necessary whispers exchanged between people. These moments are only outlandish, in a sense, because I’m stepping in a largeness I don’t often occupy in my day-to-day, stepping into spirit in the way it touches and is everything and feeling a deeper truth about stuff.

4. *Will you describe a scene from a movie that you think about often?*

Related to my response above, the moment in *Pootie Tang*, when Pootie is on the radio and he screams a silent scream into the mic and all the listeners are hearing it—it does takes them a moment to adjust but then they think it's the dopest shit ever.

5. *What is a favorite piece of literature in translation?*

“Cities are only known through love / and all tongues beloved.”
—Cristina Peri Rossi, *State of Exile*, translated by Marilyn Buck

6. *Tell us about something you did one summer.*

I closed my eyes and floated like a starfish on the Caribbean Sea. It was the first time I truly relaxed and let something else hold me up. Trusted someone else to guide me. I had on a life vest and my wife would grab me by my right foot when I was headed too far out or waves were bringing me too close to the shore. It was so relaxing that my ass was literally able to relax.

7. *What song do you like to listen to in transit, e.g., while walking, driving, on the subway?*

Last week, I listened to Erykah Badu's second album *Mama's Gun* while riding the 14 bus from Mills College to home. But most of the time, I walk with my ears open to the sounds and storytelling around me. I could walk past a group of high schoolers and get a sound bite of their conversation, and a fruity contact high. At the corner, a Juke Nissan is blasting “These expensive, these is red bottoms, these is bloody shoes,” or this homeless dude could call me “Beautiful,” and shake the coins in his hand, asking for meal money. I like listening to people in real time.

8. *Tell us about a few things that make life worth living.*

Salt & Vinegar potato chips

Hugs

A good hair day

Getting a pair of \$300 shoes for \$43

Really good sex

Chocolate raspberry pie from the Patisserie in Oakland

A retreat in the woods, with food delivered, and every day you write something that affirms you were meant to poet.

THE USUAL RATIO OF BANALITY TO WONDER

Dara Wier

When someone looks back longingly, maybe in
wonder, back toward
their past and says, I don't have a father, my father
disappeared when I was a little girl,

or someone says something like this, someone
says, no I never knew my mother, she killed
herself in front of me

when I was five, it's true, I feel so bad (for who?
the mother? the father? myself? you? us all?)
something direct and wordless happens in my
chest. All my strongest

feelings happen in there where I can't help but
understand them to be true.
So then when and if something I'm feeling gets
outside of me, like this,

it can tend to seem superficial or shallow or
insincere, or some of all
the ways there are over & across the suspect
spectrum of emotions

we call meaningful & sincere, but suspect a little,
we can't help but

suspect how they look, how they might look out
there

on the outside, when exposed, sometimes
someone says it's none of my business
to feel what others feel

but once I'm told something that matters
monumentally, it's inevitable, I'm going to feel
this, if not in my heart, right up next to my heart
where what happens on account of

anything someone's told me takes hold and
changes who I am.
And starts up another feeling simultaneously,
a strikingly obvious feeling

of being alive and human. Something that
obvious and that taken for granted
most of time, and dangerously close to
sangfroid's calm or equanimity's nerve.

If anyone wants a poet usually they want their
poets to be saying something,
if not for them, then at least apparently having
them somehow or other in mind,

maybe to take up talking about something,
whatever that might be, that matters to them.
To speak up for them. To not leave them out,
or just hanging there.

People like love poems, and poems in which we
talk to the dead
because talking to the dead is something everyone
does at one time or another.

Someone will want to see how others talk to
people who are no longer around.
Or they'll be looking for someone else to be
filling in where they left off.

People like how a poem is one place (there are
others) we believe talking to the dead
might have the results we desire and intend. In
us, for others, beyond.

Some people like love poems because just about
everyone's experienced how impossible it can
be to have words come out of your mouth when
you're at first in love.

It's impossible. Being speechless is how that is
and should be. When you're first in love you
shouldn't have so much to say. You should be
communicating by other means.

And so poets take up the slack and write love
poem after love poem after love poem,
I know I've done it. They're my favorite kind of
poem to write.

I saw the phrase "the usual ratio of banality
to wonder" and it arrested my attention for the

certainly it proposed. I thought immediately—
really? Someone knows this?

People would like to hear poems about fear, every
kind of fear that's common to being human.
Fear of being not good enough, or being left out
in the cold, or shunned, or told

to go away, you don't belong here, or fear of being
made to feel less than worthwhile, or fear of
being unloved or betrayed or of being one huge
disappointment to anyone who

matters, or fear of getting sick or fear of dying or
fear of never being loved. And then for some
people fear of fear is the subject they'd like to hear
poets say something about.

People fear many things, during the turn of the
20th Century to the 21st fear has practically
been our national pastime, our collective hobby,
our password, by-word

into a land of paranoia so that often we're made
to find our minds paralyzed or numbed,
or we're panic-frozen by traumas that will not go
away. Everyone knows that fear

is the worst control. And the most effective. To
lead someone to fear must be one of
the most unkind, most destructive things any one
of us has ever done.

People want poems to say things about money and
work and what it means to have more or less
of those, and what that does. People want to
know what money means.

They want poets to say something about money
even if it means the poet is going to have to be
embarrassed by it. Poets are required to endure
any and all embarrassments.

Most poets say they don't like to talk about money
but they're always talking about money; once
you say anything in words, in public, to strangers,
there's money around.

You may want to ignore it, and you can
sometimes, but money isn't going away, if by
money we include anything of value we trade and
barter for what we need to live.

Embarrassed poets are pretty worthless to
humanity. An embarrassed poet is okay for
some things but not many. Think of what poets
feel obligated to include in their poems.

By definition in the land of poetry nothing is
forbidden.
And that is in itself sometimes frightening, and
something to be feared.

Sometimes people like to see a poet own up to
something awful in a poem, and sometimes to

see a poet accuse someone, or sometimes all of
humanity, of terrible things,

things so unspeakably wretched it's a wonder
words stand being able to contain them,
some things people say ought to be taken to the
grave & lo and behold, they too often are.

It's not a joke to believe that by means of poetry's
metaphorical essence we're able to
understand a little better what to do with the
complexities of which we're composed.

When Auden says *poetry makes nothing happen* he's
praising how poetry takes anything and
everything and honors its existence by being its
shadow, ghost and soul.

Giving what's invisible a chance to be visible for at
least a little time.

Or at least it's proposing what it might be like if
what's essentially invisible

might be seen. Proposing a solution to
omniscience's opposite, maybe to be seen.
It turns nothing into something, or what appears

to be nothing, into the many things it is. Poetry
knows better than I do what to do
with regret, and shame, and disappointment and
weakness of the will and spirit.

Unless one's brain finds cause to be well used,
what happens in any poem
can feel useless or some kind of worse wasting of
time. And if a poem seems

to want to hold you or anyone else hostage it turns
itself into something suspect
and it begins to seem to want more from you than
you from it, injustice prevails.

Poetry brings everything back for us (as do other
things, our brain, our eyes, dance, keys,
water, air, space, light, skin and bones, terrain,
birds, underwater creatures, ants, salt,

hooves, horns, strings, synchronized,
harmonized, hands, hair, pouring, standing,
music, sleep, wind, seeds, dirt, shale (when a
photographer says "I photographed

things because I wanted to see how they looked in
photographs," the truth of
that is some kind of balm and comes home. Who
would want to argue with that?)).

Tautology seems like nothing in art. And that's
lucky, maybe for us all.

Poetry can stand to hear anyone scream. Within
its borders, the idea of

borders never can be forever erased, to stand
accused will be soul-destroyingly

worse than having this happen on any ordinary
day in any everyday court of law.

People want poems about loss and how to grieve
honorably and thoroughly.

They want poems that seem to keep the memory
of someone alive

or at least give them the impression that how they
feel about missing someone
is honorable and good for a human to do. They
want poems to sentence.

And they want poems about dead horses and long-
lost automobiles, and the kitchen chair
they kept for themselves for as long as their last
lost love stayed alive.

As you can imagine there's no end to what people
might want from a poem.
And what they might need. In a poem anyone can
righteously accuse, collect evidence,

witness, hear testimony, argue, decry, submit,
and build a case that without doubt
proves us all to be small, frightened, broken,
valiant, bold, boring and botched.

A poem will always be an unnecessary addition to
what is always there, but a sign,
a signification that repeats itself for the sake of
consoling us in our fleeting

consciousness and longing, always that, always
next, more, after, toward.

A poem will do what ought to be unnecessary but
isn't ever merely or just.

It exists unnaturally unless you count as natural
everything humans make.

It's made by a mind's effort, a heart's will, out of
the stubbornness we are.

And it is important for a poet to keep in mind
other ratios, the ratio of responsibility to
carelessness, the ratio of love without end to
patience without reward, the ratio of

innocence to violence, the ratio of foolishness to
dignity, of reasoning to justification,
of strength to weakness, of self preservation to
greed, of willingness to destroy to

forgiveness, of what's rational to what's beyond
reason, of darkness to light and
how that shifts and changes through a lifetime and
through the hours of a day.

It's true that people like to be surprised by what
they find in a poem, to find something
they hadn't anticipated finding there, & for this to
be authentic it needs to be true

for the poet also, the poet's arrivals within the

poem must, at least most of the time,
be authentically unintended. A reason formal
shapes and conditions can be good

for making poems is because in them all of our
human desires to be orderly and shapely and
clear and simple and repetitive and musical and
word burned can be satisfied

so that the rest of the poem can go on unimpeded
by what's predictable or pre-determined
by what poets have heard before or what the
newspapers happen to report in their reports

about recent scientific or psychological or
political surveys and studies, investigations
based on one point of view's gathering of
information, or creation of statistics or what

the poet remembers about her childhood or what
the poet thinks you want to hear.
It takes little more than calling something a poem
to both elevate what's within

whatever that is, and to diminish, sometimes
pitilessly, sometimes vainly, sometimes
purposely on purpose to rouse or propose the
question *what's a poem* to a status more

important, more significant than it is or would
ever want to be. A terrible distraction.
Without this paradox we're left behind, we might
as well avoid the light of day.

SEVERAL DELAYS IN ONE PASSAGE OF TIME

We saw a piece of you float by us, a shiver of something where
We pulled aside curtain after curtain to see if proof of you
Were remarking, there's nothing there's nothing amiss, little
Afoot, go back to your footprints, go back to your waving
And shaking. You shoved us aside into margins of waiting,
Into black columns of cool smoking shadows unbending.
A fragment of you we felt break for cover in the corners
Of our otherwise empty eyes. Now my eyes are preferring
To stay shut while you go once through dark alleys twice
Round three corners time times to my right for to my left, I look
Cross-eyed and addled idling before your disintegration be-
Fore your clause of exclusion your resignation your bent
Back beyond repair explanations of you who without us
We blank-look we waver we wait for instructions.

IMPORTANCE OF PASSING TIME WHILE MOVING THROUGH SPACE

Walking up the aisle of a moving train as it passes under an overpass
In rush hour traffic, while thinking about which way the wind's blowing
While wondering if we, us on the train, are surely aimed in the same
Direction as the earth is rotating on its axis as we're spinning at some
Fantastic rate, none of us feel, along the sunpath the earth takes with its
Going where it must go, so on and on, and you say a while later,
As we speed by car to watch ice break in a little river, who will love me,
As we let the road do its job, who will think of me, as we scroll past
A snowbanked creek whose water throws back sunlight flashes as it moves
Fast, who will touch my hand, nothing looks much better than two big
Crows and their shadows dividing as if an extreme assembly has suddenly
Disbanded, who will keep me, as our heads turn attracted by a huddle
Of shaggy ponies and one banded heifer and five grazing deer gathered
By a tilted fence near the edge of a crossroad, who will sift for me?

TALES OF TOPOGRAPHIC OCEANS

Dean Young

A man can walk down the street
a mythic cyclone then once home
not even believe himself. Certainly
not the cloud of parrots taking his shape
or the burning swords shoved towards him
he's hellbent to parley. Some people
can't help screaming. A man, defibrillated
by dawn will naturally want to pass
the shock along. You don't often see bells
carried into hospitals. The sky rubberizes.
The old gods, mostly thistle, await
should anyone actually want to supplicate.
A man was once found in snow
by a printshop owner and it almost
knocked me out of the third person.
Can one ever break with the machine
and still have the wherewithal
to show up with gladiolas and a white?
Some people can't help but wake up
laughing. The inventor of spaghetti.
The first person to eat an oyster.
To sever the coil, pop the collar,
feed the lion, taste the cinnamon
and at least hum the opera's opening.

DIVINITY SCHOOL

I had a room full of shards of mirrors
nabbed from a mirror factory's dumpster
so anyone coming in, couldn't not be
put back together. My lab partner
was tending a sick raptor which
was probably illegal, most of what
we did a million times every which
way to each other in those mirrors
surely was. I admit I walked strange,
not so much lurch as sudden
electrical redirection which
may read as stagger. Some co-worker
said I had a drinking problem but she
had a know-nothing desiccated flake
problem which eventually turned her
into a Kleenex. The university
death tower tolled. It took a lot
of taxidermy, bus drivers, door knobs,
hood ornaments and fraud. The night
cleaved. I knew the soul shouldn't leave
the body like 8 sky rockets tied
to a fetal pig or crushed in a giant
owl skull or knotted into a ribbon
the machine eats but it didn't look good.
People were sacred nearly invisible
but the hallucinogens helped.
People were working very hard
to get into outer space.
To make a miracle potato.
Something you could drink

that would make you glow.
What I learned from Tomaz was
to whisper when you tear the arms
off monsters. What I learned from
chopping celery is how fibrously
the soul holds on. Luckily, I'm not
afraid of heights.

MORE TALES OF THE CRYPT

Despite its supposed jeweled movement
and rocket mechanics, my new heart's
no more accurate, bowstring
still snapped, kitten just as frazzled.
They wouldn't let me keep my old heart
because it was sliced out and burnt
so I wasn't able to take a bite
like any warrior would of his enemy's
to become a greater warrior. Nope.
Apparently not even worth dissecting
or feeding to that emaciated lion
rescued from a Dallas junkyard zoo,
never to be jarred in my office
between my alien skull and complete
works of Vesalius and Sun Ra
to show where poetry comes from
like when Matthew smashed through
a plate glass door and just kept walking.

I MET MY WIFE

Matthew Zapruder

I met my wife
in a bar
you could throw
a Frisbee from
and hit Emily
Dickinson's grave,
which would be
both uncool and not.
Until that night
my whole life
had been a conference
where voices
amiably disagreed
until paralysis ensued.
When I looked
in her face
something actually
for the first time
spoke saying
Home is where
you've never lived.
Not yet.
What else.
Before she said it
I knew her Old
Testament name.
Home as everyone
knows is hard,

in each room
the most terrible
moments keep
lasting, obscure
green velvet
continual past
light from under
every doorway
pours into
the hallway,
you are drawn
to enter and fear.
It's horrible
and good to go
through each door
into every room,
to keep standing
in that green light,
to spread your arms
and take it
into your fur,
no fantasy
is ever better.
Still alive you
open your eyes
and go back down
the stairs to find
the other
in the kitchen
stirring something.
Someone says
have a cookie,
it won't kill you.

AN INTERVIEW WITH MATTHEW ZAPRUDER

1. *What is your first memory, real or imagined?*

The moon landing. Watching it on the big t.v. in our living room in Washington, D.C., sitting on the green couch. This is probably impossible since I was not yet two, but I have an absolutely indelible and detailed visual memory of this.

2. *Is there a sentence (from anything or anywhere) you especially like?*

I just finished Dominique Fabré's beautiful book, *Guys Like Me*. The last lines are in the mind of the slightly pathetic middle-aged narrator, who is riding around the suburbs of Paris on his new Vespa, albeit in the most slow and uncool way you could imagine:

"I'm going to print the photos. I have to call Marco later. I have a lot of things to do. Sometimes life rides along all by itself, there are several million of us like this, I'm riding, Marie's coming out tomorrow, I could ride for hours, I'm waiting for tomorrow. Well, there it is."

3. *What would you say is the most outlandish thing you've ever written or read, or both?*

Now I'm reading the marvelous *A Dream in Polar Fog*, by Yuri Rytkeu, a Chuchki writer. It is definitely an outlandish book. I will basically read or watch anything about the Arctic or Siberia, just so I can imagine being in the outlands.

4. *Will you describe a scene from a movie that you think about often?*

I very often think about the scene in *The Godfather* where Vito Corleone chases his grandson through the orange grove, an orange peel in his mouth, pretending to be a monster.

5. *What is a favorite piece of literature in translation?*

Oh no. What an impossible question. Yannis Ritsos's *Exile and Return*? That book completely changed my life and the way I write forever.

6. *Tell us about something you did one summer.*

The summer after my senior year in high school, I worked in a toy store in the local mall. I had somehow managed perversely to choose the most excruciatingly stupid and barely remunerative way to waste my last summer at home. Every day before I went into the mall I would listen to R.E.M.'s "Radio Free Europe" in my car several times, just to gear myself up. Whenever someone says that some music or a song "saved their life," I think for a moment they are exaggerating, and then I remember this experience.

7. *What song do you like to listen to in transit, e.g., while walking, driving, on the subway?*

Pavement's "Type Slowly" and "Shady Lane" always make me feel like I'm an extra in the sequel to the movie adaptation of my life. Also anything by Lorde.

8. *Tell us about a few things that make life worth living.*

I really, really love a crisp green apple.

JAMES TATE JUNIPER INTERVIEW
6/30/06

Janet Chalmers



DATE Friday



JAMES TATE



6/30/06



humor sadness



- How To WRITE A PoEM
1. A pleasing first sentence
 2. 18 M. S. Electric
 3. June. Patricia,
 4. Pencil + (yellow) food
 5. Dora
- B.O.T.T.O.M L.I.N.E
6. Try any sentence
 7. Consider its implications * See below

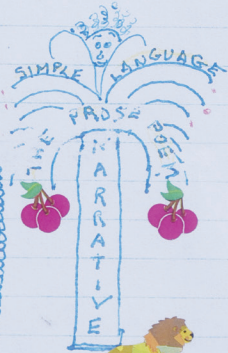
USE ANIMALS



IMAGINATION

Application

DO YOU WANT TO BE A POET	YES	NO
1. Are you ready for success?		
2. Are you willing to write poems for people who are for the rest of your life?		



RISKY SUBJECT MATTERS

*REMEMBER

Keep Regular Hours

Poetry Is A Job!



Juniper Summer Writing Institute 2006

PREPARED BY Janet Chalmers

PAGE ONE

JAMES TATE

How To WRITE A POEM

1. A pleasing first sentence
2. IBM Selectric
3. True. Patience.
4. Pencil + (yellow) food
5. Dara

B.O.T.T.O.M L.I.N.E

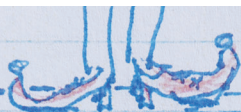
6. Try any sentence

7. Contemplate its
implications * See
below



USE
ANIMALS





IMAGINATION

Application

SO	YOU	WANT	TO	BE	A	PET	YES	NO
1	Are you ready for success?							
2	Are you willing to write blurbs for book jackets for the rest of your life?							



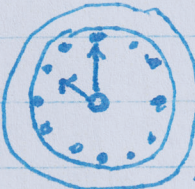
SUBJECT MATTER

MOTHERS WITH CANCER. MOTHERS WITH CANCER.



★ REMEMBER

↓
Keep
Regular
Hours



Poetry
Is A
Job!



CONTRIBUTORS

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HEATHER CHRISTLE's four poetry collections, *The Difficult Farm*, *The Trees the Trees*, *What Is Amazing*, and most recently *Heliopause*, are among the past ten years' most influential collections. As an MFA candidate she served as an assistant director of the Juniper Summer Writing Institute and Workshops from 2007 to 2009; recently she has served as a Juniper Institute writer-in-residence and as workshop faculty.

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JESSICA FJELD wrote *Redwork*, forthcoming from BOAAT Press, and the chapbooks *The Tide* and *On animate life*. She is a 2015 recipient of the 92Y/ *Boston Review* Discovery Poetry Prize and graduated from the UMass Amherst MFA program where she served as a Juniper Summer Writing Institute and Workshops assistant director.

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MATTHEA HARVEY is a poet and artist who has published five books of poetry, most recently *IF THE TABLOIDS ARE TRUE WHAT ARE YOU?*, and two children's books. She is an ardent fan of the Juniper Summer Writing Institute and Workshops!

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and *American Poetry Review*, among other journals. His most recent book *psalterium|blepharism* was released in 2016 on the now defunct H_NGM_N Books.

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HARRYETTE MULLEN's books include *Urban Tumbleweed*, *Recyclopedia*, and *Sleeping with the Dictionary*. She teaches American poetry, African American literature, and creative writing at UCLA. In 2017, she was a visiting poet at the Juniper Summer Writing Institute and Workshops.

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BIANCA STONE's new book is *THE MOBIUS STRIP CLUB OF GRIEF*; previous books include *SOMEONE ELSE'S WEDDING VOWS* and *POETRY COMICS FROM THE BOOK OF HOURS*. She is the contributing artist for a special edition of Anne Carson's *ANTIGONICK*. With her husband, the poet Ben Pease, Stone co-edits Monk Books and with Pease is executive director of The Ruth Stone Foundation.

JAMES TATE's eighteen books include Pulitzer Prize winning *Selected Poems* and National Book Award winning *Worshipful Company of Fletchers*; a collection of his prose essays is *The Route as Briefed*. He is the recipient of the Academy of American Poets Wallace Stevens Award for lifetime achievement and National Endowment for the Arts and Guggenheim fellowships; for over thirty years he taught in the MFA for Poets & Writers at the University of Massachusetts Amherst. He was a member of the American Academy

of Arts and Letters. A posthumous collection of his poems is forthcoming from Ecco HarperCollins.

BETSY WHEELER is the author of the poetry collection *Loud Dreaming in a Quiet Room* and the chapbooks *Start Here* and *Mental Detours*. She held the Stadler Fellowship at Bucknell University from 2005 to 2007. She's been the Managing Director for the Juniper Summer Writing Institute and Juniper Institute for Young Writers since 2009.

ARISA WHITE is a Cave Canem graduate fellow and the author of "*Fishing Walking*" & *Other Bedtime Stories for My Wife* and *You're the Most Beautiful Thing That Happened*. Since 2007, she has participated in the Juniper Summer Writing Institute and Workshops as faculty for the Younger Writers or as a poet-in-residence. White earned an MFA from the University of Massachusetts Amherst.

DARA WIER's thirteenth collection is *in the still of the night* from Wave Books; she and Noy Holland founded the Juniper Summer Writing Institute and Workshops; she teaches for the MFA Program for Poets & Writers at the University of Massachusetts Amherst. Her book, *Reverse Rapture*, was awarded The Poetry Center prize for best book of the year; Guggenheim, National Endowment for the Arts, and Massachusetts Cultural Council fellowships have supported her work.

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ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Some of the pieces in this special issue previously appeared in other publications. We gratefully acknowledge these authors and publishers for granting their permission to include them. They are:

Heather Christle:

“Nature Poem” and “Realistic Flowers” from *Heliopause*, Wesleyan University Press, 2015.

Christopher DeWeese:

“Black” first appeared in *South Dakota Review*. “I was a garden maze” and “I was a curiosity” first appeared in *The Confessions*, Periplum Poetry, 2017.

Rachel Glaser:

“Can You Find Me?” and “Eliza Kept Calling Me Great” from *HAIRDO*, The Song Cave, 2017. The poems are both previously translated and published in *Poetry & Criticism (a Korean Anthology)*.

Matthea Harvey and Amy Jean Porter:

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Srikanth Reddy:

“Fundamentals of Esperanto” from *Facts for Visitors*, University of California Press, 2004.

Evie Shockley:

“cosmography” from *semiautomatic*, Wesleyan University Press, 2017.

James Tate:

“Read the Great Poets,” used by permission of the estate of James Tate.

Dara Wier:

“The Usual Ratio of Banality to Wonder” from *In the Still of the Night*, Wave Books, 2017, originally published in Seth Landman’s *DIVINE MAGNET*; “Several Delays in One Passage of Time” and “Importance of Passing Time While Moving Through Space” from *You Good Thing*, Wave Books, 2013.

Thank you to:
the UMass Amherst Arts Council
for their generous support of this special double issue;
Julie Hayes, Dean, College of Humanity and Fine Arts;
Mary Dougherty, Director, University of Massachusetts Press;
Randall Knoper and the University of Massachusetts Amherst’s
English Department for generous support;
Juniper Summer Writing Institute and Workshops;
factory hollow press; the University of Massachusetts Amherst MFA
for Poets and Writers; jubilar’s editors and staff;
free lance assistant, Lori Shine; grant writing, Tom McCauley;
Bianca Stone and Ben Pease for cover design and cover art;
out-going Managing Editor Halie Theoharides and
in-coming Managing Editor Michael Medeiros for shaping
this issue up, making it look good, and seeing to its making the rounds
of editors, copy-editors, and printers all in record time;
Allison Ice who took care of so many things this issue needs;
and most of all to this double issue’s Editor, Arda Collins, who saw
what these twin books could be and made them what they are.

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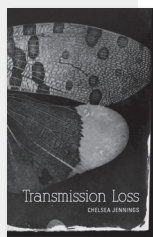
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